Vol. CXXXII. No 1719.

Fit "TripleX"—and be safe STANDARD do

[THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 25, 1931.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS NUMBER

1/-

WINES for CHRISTMAS
WRITE OR TELEPHONE FOR PRICE LIST
of WINES + SPIRITS + CIGARS
Telephone: Regent 4444.
153 REGENT ST., LONDON
Brighton, Bournemouth and Branches.
HEDGES & BUTLER Ltd.

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS
THE DOCTORS CHINA TEA
Sold only in ¼ lb. and ½ lb. packets and 1 lb. canisters
Priced at 2/10, 3/4, 4/-, and 4/6 per lb.
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., 30, Mincing Lane, E.C.3
CVS—151

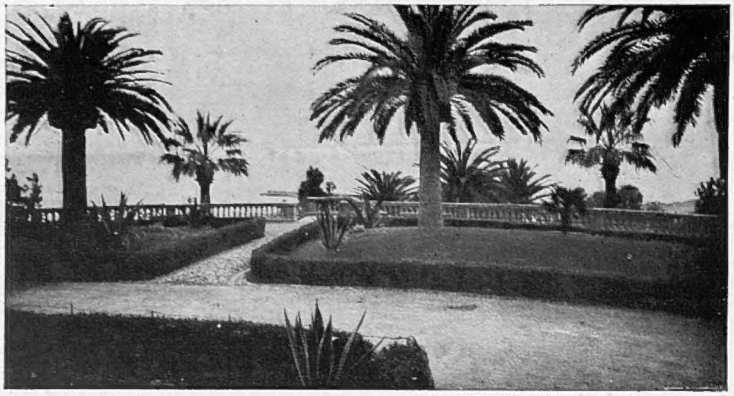
BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of . . .
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5, 6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"OF RARE MELLOWNESS"

HENRY WHITE & CO. RED HEART RUM LONDON
RED HEART OLD JAMAICA RUM
THE GREATEST FOE OF 'FLU and CHILLS COUGHS and COLDS and WINTER ILLS.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



SAN REMO—Giardini Regina Elena

ITALY

INEXPENSIVE TRAVELLING THROUGH TOURIST CHEQUES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT—HOTEL AND GASOLINE COUPONS—REDUCTIONS ON RAILWAY FARES 50—70%

SAN REMO
OSPEDALETTI BORDIGHERA
ITALIAN RIVIERA

Three beautiful Resorts — Perfect Climate

Every Sport and Amusement — **Golf** 18 Holes

MUNICIPAL CASINO (Roulette — Trente et Quarante — Baccarat)

Cableway to Mount Bignone (4200 ft. alt.)

100 hotels and pensions—300 private villas

For information, Winter Programmes, Tariffs, etc., apply to all Tourist Offices or to the Official Enquiry Office in San Remo (Italy).

San Remo - THE ROYAL For every comfort and attraction—On the promenade—overlooking the Sea—Own Tennis Courts—Incl. terms from 61 lire.

San Remo - Excelsior Bellevue is a really first class Hotel fur. throughout with every lux. & com.—Facing full South—Tropical Park—Close Golf—Tennis—Garage

San Remo - Savoy Hotel Ideally situated. Nr. the Municipal Casino—Every modern comfort—Large Park—Open all the year—New Man.

San Remo - West End Astoria First-class—Overlooking sea—Latest comforts—Garden—Mod. terms—Tourist cheques accepted.

San Remo - Grand Hotel (DES ANGLAIS)—First-class—Corso Imperatrice—Park—Golf—Garage—Moderate terms—800 m. from Casino—Prorr. L. Ravizza from Ritz Hotel, London.

San Remo - Hotel Ratti Etrangers Open all the year—Res. Hotel Garden—Sea View—Full South—English man.

Bordighera - Hotel Continentale Splendid position—Garden—Every Modern Comfort—Garage—Moderate Prices.

Bordighera - Hotel Britannique Pens. Jolie Well appointed fam. Hotel Full south—Garden—Every comfort—Maccaferri Bros.

For information apply to E.N.I.T., Italian State Tourist Department, 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1, and all Travel Agencies

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from ONE GUINEA.

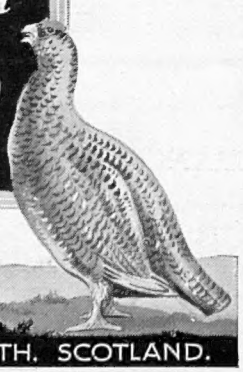
Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN ST., LONDON, W.1.

Treasure from Scotland

THE FAMOUS

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY



MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Weds., Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG."

EDITH DAY. HARRY WELCHMAN. CLARICE HARDWICKE.

BRITISH HOTEL

DO YOU KNOW

a large seaside hotel, first-class in every respect that is comfortably full of charming people all the year round?

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

is the answer. The moderate charges and the high standard of luxurious comfort supply the reason. The illustrated tariff tells you all about it.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ROYALTY BAR, MONTE CARLO

In its new premises and 2nd entrance on the Blvd. Desmoulins (facing Casino Gardens). The Smartest Rendez-vous for Cocktails. Light Meals. Afternoon Tea. Managed by FRANCIS.

NICE.
HOTEL CONTINENTAL

High-class Residential Hotel.

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND. Man. Dir.: Mme. LUIGI.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Menton—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full south on sea front, own garden. From Frs. 30 inclusive.

Cap d'Ail.-(Nr. Monte Carlo)-Eden Hotel.—200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Ten. Own beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Beautifully Situated. Large garden. Strictly First class. Pension from 55 Frs.

Monte Carlo.-Le Grand Hotel.-350 Rooms, 280 Bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive from 60 frs. With bath from 75 frs.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Pension remains from Frs. 55 or 10/6.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.-Hotel Schwarzer Bock.-1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.-Htl. Nassauer Hof.-Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.-Hotel Rose.-World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.0.0.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere (Winter-sports). Modern, all comf., sunny terraces, indoor amusements, full pen. incl. aft. tea, £1

£30 to £5000 lent

Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.

Write:

RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD., 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances

By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED, 14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.

£50 to £5,000

Without Security.

TO SMOKERS

If you know you are injuring your health by excessive smoking you should write for my interesting tobacco book and learn how you can conquer the tobacco habit safely and easily in 3 days by the renowned Woods method. Book sent post free on request. Write to-day. **Edward J. Woods Ltd., 167, Strand, (796 TA), London, W.C.2.**

The Bystander, November 25, 1936 No. 1719. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Victorian Sisters—Elizabeth Allan and Katharine Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn's new film, *A Woman Rebels*, is another period piece, with Miss Hepburn as an erring Victorian daughter who, after one night of love, goes to Italy to have her baby, is able to pretend that the child was her sister's, and comes back to work for the cause of women's emancipation, and to round off her career with a happy (marriage) ending. Elizabeth Allan plays the sister who dies young; Herbert Marshall is the diplomat with whom Katharine Hepburn falls in love and whom she finally marries; Donald Crisp is the Victorian father who causes all the bother by being so very Victorian; Mark Sandrich directed. The film gives Katharine Hepburn an attractive part, but not one to set the Atlantic on fire or bring her anywhere nearer the Garbo-Dietrich class than she 's been for some time. *A Woman Rebels* goes to the Carlton this week

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE recognition of General Franco by Rome and Berlin is an event which may have the most deadly repercussions. Franco has declared a blockade of Barcelona. Rome and Berlin will now of course recognise the blockade. France and Russia certainly will not. What will happen if one of Franco's ships captures a French or Russian steamer as it tries to enter Barcelona? Anything may happen. And what is Britain going to do? A poster in the London streets, of an evening paper, announces "Franco warns British Navy." Shade of Lord Palmerston!

HERR HITLER'S new denunciation of a section of the Versailles Treaty is a curious one. In comparison with re-armament and the Rhineland, the international control of the German rivers is a small matter. But the odd thing is that up to a few days ago Germany was peacefully and civilly negotiating for a new régime on the rivers, and agreement had actually been reached about the Elbe and the Rhine. Now the Fuehrer turns round and abruptly cancels all the negotiations. It almost looks as if he was searching for pieces of political ginger for home consumption, to excite the admiration of the German people and to make them forget for a moment the imminent approach of winter.

THE German-Japanese agreement, with a dash of Italian, so to speak, only brings out into the open what has been known to be lurking in the dark. The two countries at each end of the U.S.S.R. have obviously a good deal of common interest. If the Soviet was busy dealing with Japan, Germany would find it easy to take her little promenade up the Baltic, and if the Soviet was busy in the West, Japan would find it easy to expand in Mongolia. The only snag is, from the German angle, that when it comes to honouring treaties the boys of the Rising Sun are not so hot. However, that is Germany's affair.

But it does seem silly that the "anti-Red" excuse should be solemnly put forward. If there are any two police-forces in the world which have efficiently stamped out Communism in their own borders, they are the German and the Japanese.

THE destruction of the famous Alba Palace in Madrid by an incendiary bomb is a melancholy affair. Only a short time ago Vernon Bartlett, the famous correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, visited the palace and saw the punctilious way in which the Government was guarding the artistic treasures of this historic house. He also said that the Velasquez pictures in the Prado are stowed away in cellars. I hope he is right. Henri Quatre said that Paris was worth a Mass. The whole of Madrid is not worth Las Hilanderas or Las Meninas. Whoever destroys those two miracles, if destroyed they are, must go to Dante's lowest hell.

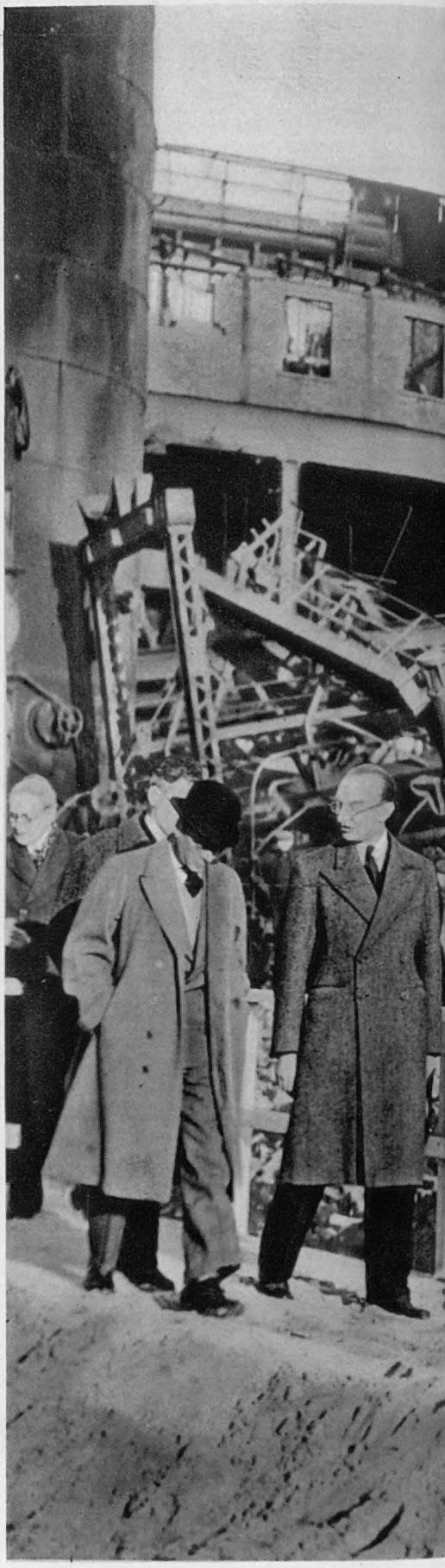
THE letter of the unemployed men at Cwmbrau to the King contained one terrible sentence. "Will an impoverished people be able joyfully to celebrate your Majesty's Coronation?" There is something grim about that, and at the same time something magnificent. It implies a passionate determination to remain loyal to the Throne through everything, and a deep desire to rejoice at the Coronation if only hunger can be appeased. If anything can stir the Government to do something drastic about the "devastated areas," surely the King's visit to Wales and that one vivid, fearful phrase should do it.

THE London Press is truly an astonishing phenomenon. At the present moment the situation in France is of paramount importance to the future of Europe, but hardly a word appears in our journals. Travellers bring back tales of strikes; of Bolshevism; of Fascism; of the huge success of M. Blum; of the colossal failure of M. Blum. And so on, and so on. But no one seems to be interested to the extent of finding out the truth. Or alternatively, everyone seems to be interested in the suppression of the truth. I do not know which it is. But the suicide of M. Salengro must surely force the Press boys into the open. *Something* is wrong in France and, considering that the British Empire is France's close and inevitable ally, we are surely entitled to know what it is. If we have to fight another Passchendaele, let us at least understand what our ally is doing.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S message of good-bye to the readers of the *Daily Express* had a sort of note of finality about it. Perhaps I misread it, but it certainly seemed to me to be the message of a man who knew what he meant when he wrote "Good-bye" and not "Au revoir." Lord Beaverbrook has been suffering from asthma for some years and has gone to his home in Canada to try to find a cure. Whatever verdict posterity may hand down on his career and achievements, no one will deny that he was a picturesque and vital figure and a vigorously dashing newspaper proprietor.

THE art of vehement invective is a dying art. But sometimes a survival of the eighteenth century crops up who can blister with a sentence. For amateurs of this delicious pastime I strongly commend Mr. Ivor Brown's analysis of the Romeo film which is published in this week's *Listener*. Swift would not have disavowed its authorship, nor would Junius have been annoyed if it had been fathered on him.

(*Continued on page 316*)



The King in South Wales: a Great Gesture of Leadership

The whole country has been stirred by the King's visit to South Wales: by his reception there, by the deep interest, understanding and sympathy he showed for the men and women condemned to the hopeless idleness of a "special area," and by a realisation of what his visit meant to them in renewed hope. The King is not only our best ambassador abroad but a born leader at home; in speaking to South Wales of his determination that action should be taken to include them in the return of prosperity, he spoke for a vast body of opinion in the country. Not only Wales, but England and Scotland now feel that something *will* be done. The photograph above shows the King visiting Dowlais, near Merthyr, where the site of the great iron and steel works is being cleared by unemployed men for an occupational centre. It was here, looking at the desolation and wreckage, that he summed up the whole tragedy when he said: "These people were brought here by these works. Some kind of employment must be found for them"

Outside No. 3, Belgrave Square

Tony Wysard's fanciful cartoon, one from his exhibition which opened last week at Walker's Galleries, shows the Duke of Kent as pram-pusher to Prince Edward, with a curtain map of the Royal Duchy to complete the composition. The exhibition is made up of similar caricatures of "People of Importance"

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 314)

Low has returned. He has been too long away. But he has brought back with him what seemed impossible—an even deadlier sense of social irony, and an even keener wit. His first handful of cartoons have been devastating.

Karl von Ossietzky has been released by the Nazi Government. He has been for three years in prison, without trial, without accusation, but with plenty of hardship. His crime was that he preferred peace to war and said so.

It is sad that Savile Passage is to disappear at last. It has several times been threatened with demolition but somehow been reprieved. Now the decision is final. A street is to be made in its place to connect Savile Row and Conduit Street, and the two tiny shops in the passage will have to go. One is a journeyman cordwainer and the other is the famous old umbrella shop where Gladstone used to buy umbrellas.

There must be ten million people who have taken pleasure in W. S. Gilbert's wit, whether by listening to the D'Oyley Carte operas or by whistling the tunes to which he wrote the words, or by setting a gramophone to work. But when the centenary of his birth fell due last week, there was no public performance to do him honour. It seems extraordinary that one of the very few supreme influences in the theatre of the last half-century should have received no garland of memory.

It is good news that Mr. Granville Barker's famous play, *Waste*, is going to be produced at the Westminster Theatre on December 1st. It is thirty years since it was written, and banned by the ridiculous censorship. Then it lay mouldering in a drawer—one of the most striking and brilliant plays of the twentieth century, mind you—for fourteen years and then was submitted, without a single alteration, to the Censor again and was passed at once. What a farce the Censorship is. This will be the very first public performance of *Waste* in all these thirty years, and Mr. Granville Barker is to produce it himself.

The first-night production of a play by Scotland's leading dramatist in Scotland's capital ought to be an encouragement to those few people who believe that Scotland can still be saved from sinking into the status of a province of England. There was a time when a man could stand in the High Street in the Old Town and see a score of geniuses in an hour or so. Nowadays there are not so many.

Off to Dine with the King

Mr. Malcolm Stewart, the retiring Commissioner for the Special Areas (Sir George Gillett succeeds him), was commanded to dine with the King during the Royal tour of South Wales—the meal was eaten in a restaurant-car in a siding. Mr. Stewart's succinct and constructive report was the focal point of the Commons' all-night sitting last week

Shakespeare is having a boom these days. The old pre-war reproach that London was the one capital in Europe where Shakespeare was a certain loser—if, indeed, he was ever produced at all, which was but rarely—has been removed. The latest development in the boom is the formation of the Bankside Players to play the Bard in the Ring, Blackfriars Road, on Sunday evening. Mr. Robert Atkins is in charge and the first performance is to be *Henry V.* on November 29th. Lady Keeble (who was Miss Lillah McCarthy) and Mr. Clifford Bax are helping to produce.

War books still appear. The demand seems to be inexhaustible. The latest is one of the best because it deals with an angle of the whole hideous affair that has not been sufficiently written about. Dr. Harvey Cushing was, and still, happily, is a world-famous expert on brain-operations, and he came from America in 1917 to put his genius at the disposal of the British Army. During Messines, Passchendaele, the March Retreat, and the Lys, he worked for sixteen or eighteen hours a day, performing operations of incredible intricacy. His book is called *From a Surgeon's Journal*. It is well worth reading. But it makes one wonder what these great humanitarian men of science thought about the men who made Armageddon possible.

A life of Horatio Bottomley has just been published. I wonder what future generations will think, not so much of Bottomley, as of the people who were taken in by him. At the very beginning of his career, when he was about twenty or twenty-one, he admitted that he saw the way—the infallible way—to fortune. It lay in becoming the Friend of the People. The poor adored him and handed him their pathetic savings on platters, and elected him to Parliament, and let him cheat them at every turn. And even after he was finally convicted and broken, thousands still believed in him.

Walter Hagen has failed, for the first time in fifteen years, to qualify in the American Golf Championship. I suppose the pressure of the younger generation is becoming too much for him. America is full to the brim of brilliant young golfers. But what a personality is passing in "Sir Hagen." When he first came to Britain, after the War, he put everybody's backs up. His native buoyancy was mistaken for arrogance, and the stupidity of a taxi-driver made him half-an-hour late for a classic match. But Hagen lived it all down and became one of the most popular golfers who ever came over from America. His magnificent fighting spirit endeared him to everyone, and his cheerfulness in adversity.

Mrs. Claude Leigh and Kathleen Lady Drogheda talked to Mr. George Furlong, the president of the National Gallery in Dublin

Sir John Lavery, the president of the Society, was looking at his own picture of himself and Shirley Temple which he painted while he was in Hollywood

Picture Show

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Annual Exhibition

Above : Capt. the Hon. and Mrs. Somerset Maxwell went to the private view last Thursday at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly

Right :

Margaret Lady Birkenhead and her daughter-in-law, Lady Birkenhead, were looking at the portrait of the latter's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Chetwode. They are Lord Camrose's daughters

Left :

Mme. C. Simopoulos, the wife of the Greek Minister, has had her portrait painted by Miss Flora Lyon ; they looked at it in the Exhibition on private view day

Fayer of Vienna

Captain Ansell and Miss Victoria Fuller

Captain Michael Picton Ansell, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and Miss Victoria Fuller were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir John Fuller, and sister of the present baronet, Sir Gerald Fuller. Their honeymoon is being spent in Corsica.

Mr. Richard Connell and Miss Plunket

Richard Sinclair Connell and Hester Plunket were married at All Saints', Raheny, with the bride's brother-in-law, Lord Milton, as best man. She is the daughter of Bishop Benjamin Plunket and the late Hon. Mrs. Plunket. Mr. Connell is the youngest son of the late Canon John Connell and Mrs. Connell, of Woking

Mrs. Alan Sainsbury

Went to a dress-show wearing a ruby-red coat with the new "kick-out" line. She was Doreen Adams and is a sister of Derek Adams who married Beatrice Baker a few weeks ago

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

EVEN for the happiest of reasons, it is a shame when charming young-marrieds are laid low and can't go out and about.

Mrs. Antony Acton was an absentee at Lord Oranmore and Browne's shoot last week, although her husband risked the Irish crossing for a few days' sport in the Bog.

Another Dominic Browne and his wife were staying there; another More O'Farrell brother, Roderick this time; Mrs. Dick Sutton and Mrs. Bill Allen, whom we all remember as the beautiful Marquise de Casa Maury, and before that, in her debutante-cum-mannequin days, as Paula Gellibrand.

She lives not far from Castle MacGarrett in an adjacent bog, and though as lovely as ever has become a complete country girl and a hardened globe-trotter, accompanying her husband to outlandish places like the wilds of Turkey and living for months in a shack or tent with only a mule as a means of transport.

The Kindest of Hosts

AT Vaynol last week-end Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith entertained a shooting party which included Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, Lady Mainwaring and her daughter Diana, Lady Colefax, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tennant (she is Sir Michael's only sister), Lord Sligo and Mr. Toby Milbanke.

Other people in other papers may extol the beauties of Vaynol, the historic interest of that Queen Anne mansion surrounded by ten miles of grey stone walls, but we hear so much about the unbelievable comfort and warmth of that lovely house, and the concentrated thought and care that the kindest of hosts bestows upon the smallest detail that may mean extra luxury and amusement for his guests.

It is one of those perfect houses where you are allowed to do as you like, go out when you like, and sleep when you like, complete heaven to jaded Londoners, who go to some house-parties dreading to be over-entertained.

Revels in Retirement

WE hear that at this party Mrs. Tennant's olive-green corduroy suit was the envy of all the women, and that during peaceful hours round the fireside in the long, white drawing-room, Lady Mainwaring industriously stabbed a square of canvas, which will soon become the eighth dining-room chair she has covered.

Her charming, brown-eyed daughter Diana, with that lovely dimple in her chin, was engaged in turning a mass of fluffy Angora into a jumper.

The one and only Adèle Cavendish was, of course, the life and soul of the party, and is planning a short visit to London before Christmas. Film producers are still waving tempting contracts in front of her, but she loves her Irish country life and revels in her tantalising retirement.

Better Again

SHE and her husband were anxious about the health of his sister, Lady Anne Hunloke, who had to cancel her visit to Chatsworth, where her parents were entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York.

Happily she is better again, and was able to get up and see a few people last week.

As chairman of that very good "London pay-party" that is happening at the Savoy on December 9th, Lady Anne has been busier than ever. This party, which is run for funds for the County Council elections, is one of the reasons that Lady Charles is paying London a visit, as she is a hostess. Others include Lady Diana Duff Cooper, Lady Jersey, Lady Brecknock, Lady Stanley and several others, all of whom are taking parties.

Our Eyes Popped!

SEVERAL frail beauties have started putting on weight. One of the frailest, Sylvia Fairbanks, boasts of an extra ten pounds and says her divine clothes don't fit.

She and her husband and Merle Oberon were the guests of honour at an enormous dinner-party given by Frankie More O'Farrell and Geoffrey Allen at the Embassy one night recently.

Miss Oberon's ruby and diamond necklace and bracelets made our eyes fairly pop.

She is the most charming girl in the world—so kind, so intelligent, and utterly unspoilt by her amazing success.

Sisters-in-Law

Mrs. Fulton Lesser

Attractive American Mrs. Lesser (who was Pauline Potter, and married into the New York and Baltimore family) was at the same mid-season dress-show as the two on the left—Lady Patricia Guinness, the Iveaghs' younger daughter, and Lady Elveden

Merry Marketers

Lady Diana Finch-Hatton and Lady Betty Montagu were helping "Merry Market" stall-holders at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. It was in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street

She leads a very simple life, hates crowds and notoriety and if and when she finds the house she is looking for, her few real friends will have the pleasure of her charming company for very nearly a year while she fulfils her English film contracts.

A Good Dress Doubled

LADY JERSEY was at this party in an original but very becoming dress of wine-coloured brocade and satin (an exact replica being worn by Mrs. Bertie Stern, whose reputation as a best-dressed woman is well known).

Lady Milbanke, in a pale pink dress, was sitting between "Douglas Senior" and Prince Ali Khan, and another very pretty woman in the party was Lady Long, in a bright red velvet dress.

Lady Sheila's Flashing Smile

AT a nearby table we noticed the attractive Mrs. Bernard Rubin, in a dinner suit of royal blue sequins and a muffler of jade green chiffon. Her many friends will be disconsolate when she sails for America at the end of this month—let us hope for a visit of short duration.

The Embassy was packed that night, but we arrived late and left early to go on to Miss Tillie Marks' party, and had not time to see all the people we wanted to.

As we write, a mental picture of Lady Moira Combe and her sister, Lady Sheila Durlacher, in a party in a corner of the room, crosses our memory. No two sisters could be less alike, and yet so good-looking. Lady Moira, tall, fair, stands out in a room full of beauties; Lady Sheila, smaller, brunette, has her mother's amazing dark eyes and a flashing smile.

Takes More Than Money

MISS MARKS' party at the Carlton provided, in addition to the usual ingredients for the perfect entertainment, such as amusing and decorative people, perfect band and unlimited champagne, two entirely novel features: one a street scene at night, with barrel-organs, coffee-stall, newspaper sellers, and hot-chestnut men, and a verse dedicated to, and all about, the popular hostess, composed and sung by the Yacht Club Boys.

It was a grand evening and one that proved that it takes more than mere lavish expenditure and the best of everything to make things go in the way that this party did.

Miss Marks sails on the 22nd for New York, in the same boat, we have heard, as Sylvia Countess Poulett, who loved her American trip last year, and is turning an experiment into an annual holiday.

A Young and Hard-working Committee

IT was a stroke of genius on the part of whoever first thought of getting very young and attractive matrons like Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke to act as chairman for various charity functions.

Mrs. Sweeny's debut in this capacity is not until early next year, but Mrs. Stanley Clarke's first effort is the Pentagon, a dinner-dance at Grosvenor House on December 1st, in aid of the London Fever Hospital. She has captured a young and hard-working committee, and it sounds like a very good party.

Almost a Bustle

HAD there been a beauty competition at the Servants' Ball at the Albert Hall, it must surely have been won by Lady Malcolm's newly-engaged daughter Mary, who helped her mother in her arduous duties as organiser.

She is lovely in an unusual way—dark, wavy hair, brushed straight back from an enchanting brow, and small, perfect features.

Her dress that night was a dream, made of stiff white silk with very pronounced fulness on the shoulders, and a blue sash that was almost a small bustle.

MISS PEEPS

Lady Revelstoke Marketing

Lady Revelstoke was another industrious helper at a "Merry Market" stall; she put on an apron and wrapped things up. The committee was run under the chairmanship of the Duchess of Roxburghe, and there were over a hundred stall-holders

Vandamm, New York

New York's Second Hamlet: Leslie Howard

Leslie Howard's "Hamlet," with Pamela Stanley as Ophelia, looked like being a lusty rival to John Gielgud's in New York; it had a clamorous (fifteen minutes of cheering) reception after its Boston first night on October 20th, and a successful (£4000 a week) run subsequently. But the New York public took no fancy to it and the critics bawled it out. This in spite of the magnificent settings à la Viking by Stewart Chaney and (possibly) because of Howard's quiet, unemphasised performance. His object, he said, was to present the tragedy as Shakespeare would have done, given modern stage appurtenances. Percy Burton, Howard's manager, announced a week back that they were fighting against adverse criticism and might well be in New York long after Gielgud had departed. Howard is anyway vastly popular with the American public, both on stage and screen

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Schools to Choose Between

"Housemaster" (Apollo)

HERE is a play about school life—so to speak. True, none of the schoolmasters' wives kicks over the traces. True, none of the boys commits suicide. But what happens at Marbledown in this Ian Hay rag may be no more exceptional.

An old housemaster falls out with the young prig who has been appointed over his head. Three scrumptious girls are quartered on him for half-a-term's residence. They give cocktail-sprees in their bedroom. They flutter the hearts of the youths. Rowing on the river is stopped. School songs are sung. Secret societies are formed. The young prig leaves, and the old housemaster becomes, at last, the "Head."

Boys will be boys. Girls will be girls. Playwrights will be playwrights. The public will be the public. And ting-a-ling goes the box-office.

IT is easy to be superior about Ian Hay. It is equally easy to be indulgent. So it's a toss-up which some of us will be every time we see another of his comedies. Heads it's great fun; tails it's bourgeois of the bourgeois. Heads it's a capital yarn; tails it's latent old-school-tie. And whichever way the coin comes down, it's two to one that we will feel ourselves afterwards to have been too lenient or too severe.

Anyway, *Housemaster* is professional. Anyway, it is full of bright-liney bright lines. Anyway, as books are readable, this is seeable. And Rosalyn Boulter is very pretty. And Joan White is very comic. And Kynaston Reeves is very obnoxious (to order). And Frederick Leister is very beneficent and very bearish.

And this I can affirm. I didn't see one critic asleep. Which isn't because I was asleep, either. If, by any mischance, I had fallen asleep at this, I believe my own laughter would have woken me up.

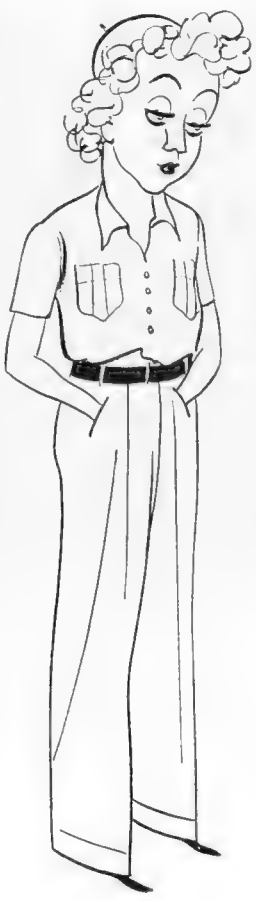
Here the pupils are older, being grown men whose French requires attendance before they enter various services. Their reduction to the level of schoolboys under the control of old M. Maingot in his villa in the south of France provides a good springboard for amusing situations.

THE pivot of this comedy is Kay Hammond as a dismal enchantress who is never content till she has got her man on a string and never interested once she has achieved her object. Moving unperturbed in an atmosphere of love, disappointment, jealousy, distraction, despair, she plays humorous havoc wherever she goes. In the longest part she has yet played, I am happy to report that her drawl does not pall.

The types in *French Without Tears* are adroitly varied and admirably played, from Jessica Tandy's circumspect and self-respecting French instructress to Rex Harrison's flâneur. Terence Rattigan, the young author, has poured his high spirits into the piece so lavishly that they sometimes overflow the brim. But I would recommend him to the notice of managers like Jack Waller as a likely provider of books with real go in them for musical shows. It is clear that his jokes come as he writes. He does not keep them filed in drawers under classified headings for service as required.

Ingénue and roué: Jacqueline (Jessica Tandy), and Brian (Guy Middleton)

Sketches of "French Without Tears" by Rouson



Diana, a huntress chased and fair (Kay Hammond)

The pursuant prey: Alan (Rex Harrison), the commander (Roland Culver), and Kit (Robert Flemyng)

"French Without Tears" (Criterion)

A SECOND school play may be seen at the Criterion.

Cannons of Hollywood

Brigitte Horney—Star in the Ascendant

Brigitte Horney, German, twenty-four, means to make her name here. At nineteen she won the Reinhardt prize in Berlin; four hours later Ufa signed her. A month ago, her latest Ufa film, *Stadt Anatol*, had a clamorous reception in Berlin, and *Savoy-Hotel 217*, in which she starred with Hans Albers, was at the Curzon. Now she has turned to England, rented a flat at No. 33, Tite Street, arranged to make alternate pictures over here, and has just finished *No Escape* for Phœnix films at Ealing. It's a spy story, produced by Hugh Perceval; director, Edmund P. Greville *(Marchand d'Amour)*; co-star, Neil Hamilton. Frl. Horney never acts in a film whose story she can't stomach, is a keen swimmer and ski-er, collects Gothic furniture with acumen

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOSING enquiringly round a recent exhibition of Rembrandt canvases in Moscow, a German art critic has discovered that the Soviet is eighteen Rembrandts short of the number officially catalogued in 1928. From this a well-known firm of actuaries has deduced that some of the Soviet boys have been secretly selling rare paintings among other things, from the ex-Imperial collections (afterwards State property) to foreign buyers. Which isn't terribly surprising, do you think? What 's the point of Democracy if it can't allow the boys temporarily on top a little light looting when they feel like it?

Auntie *Times* was very discreet over this business, remarking in her best niff-naffery manner that "it is assumed" that this disclosure of the Moscow exhibition "confirms long-standing rumours that since 1928 many artistic treasures from the great collections of Tsarist Russia have been secretly sold," etc., etc. *Tu parles, Nounou!* Either the émigrés were able to stagger away carrying as many objets d'art, from gold and porphyry sideboards to tiny Fabergé Easter-eggs, as the Mayflower carried high-class Puritans (which is impossible) or else—well, what?

It 's becoming a very attractive world for the newest nouveau riche. Never before, perhaps, have there been so many attractive things beckoning him to buy. His odalisques wear Imperial diamonds and drink champagne out of Spanish chalices. He fills his flat with the recent loot of museums, palaces, and cathedrals, and wears on the plump fingers of each hand episcopal amethysts, and emeralds which belonged to the Boyards. Which is a bit of a change from pushing that barrow round Aldgate.

Arcadian Angle

A CLERGYMAN in Essex, writing in his parish magazine, claims that "the rest of England rocks with laughter at the silly prejudice of East Anglians, who call a man a foreigner because he has not had the destiny to be born and bred in the place."

It seems odd that anybody should even remark on this sturdy rustic trait, as old as the soil. Your true peasant hates foreigners by tradition and instinct on the following scale:

(1) Foreigners of other nationalities. (In the case of the English peasant believed to be all black.)

(These are too far removed from ordinary humanity to deserve anything but mild contempt.)

(2) Foreigners of adjacent county or province.

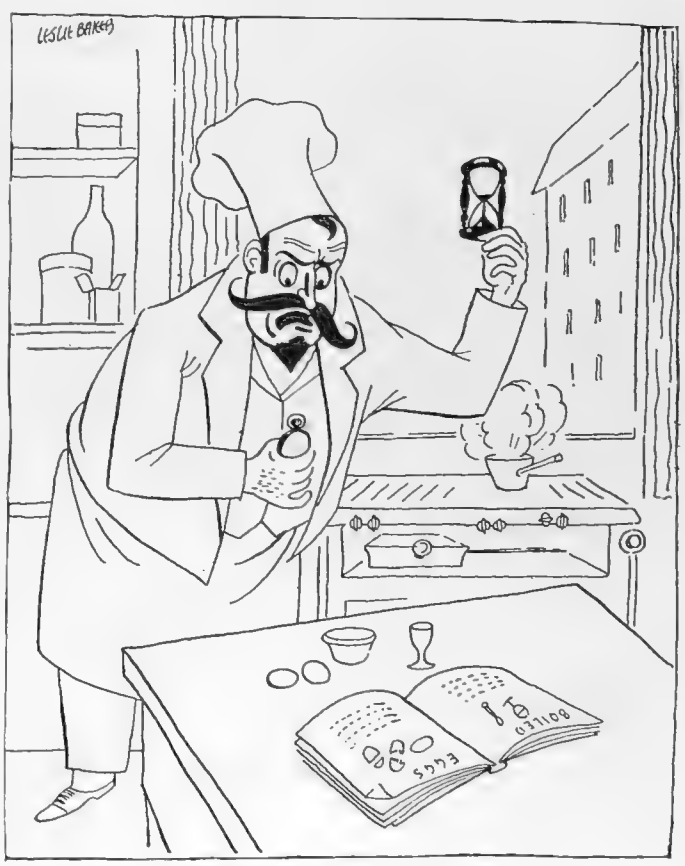
(These are evidently so near to normal human shape as to make their vileness detestable and their habits a scandal.)

(3) Foreigners of adjacent village.

(For these the real venomous rustic hate is chiefly reserved, as a thousand local sayings attest.)

You can't trip us up here. We 've lived in a village—an ordinary peaceful English village, full of mellow thatch and roses and backbiting and arson and incest and honeysuckle and criminal assault and sweetbriar and anonymous letters and Tudor gables and hate. Also in a French village (where the chief difference was that the wineshop was a useful safety-valve, being open all day, unlike the English pub. Hence for one case of relation-poisoning in the French village we got about three in the English. Where were we? Oh, yes——) As we were saying, we know something of the rustic mind. It hates and despises the next village more profoundly than it hates and despises (for example) a Chinese with a yellow skin, or a Frenchman with a black one. Why? Because the next village is so near.

We 're told by greater travellers than ourselves that it 's exactly the same in Latvia, Thibet, Brazil, and Australia. Why should an Essex clergyman make a song about his particular hole in the ground?



"Mon Dieu, queeksands!"

Gadgets

A RECENT survey of the shortly-forthcoming Final Report of the Royal Commission of Awards to Inventors, which has been sitting since 1919, was very interesting. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., got £2000, for example, for inventing camouflage for ships in war-time. Of the eighty-five inventors who claimed to have fathered tanks as finally used in action, two got £15,000—Sir William Tritton and Major Wilson. A firm of Peterborough engineers got a fairish packet—£125,000—for secret improvements in the internal-combustion engine, and the makers of Gnome and Le Rhone aeroplane engines got £150,000. The late Mr. Martin Hale, who

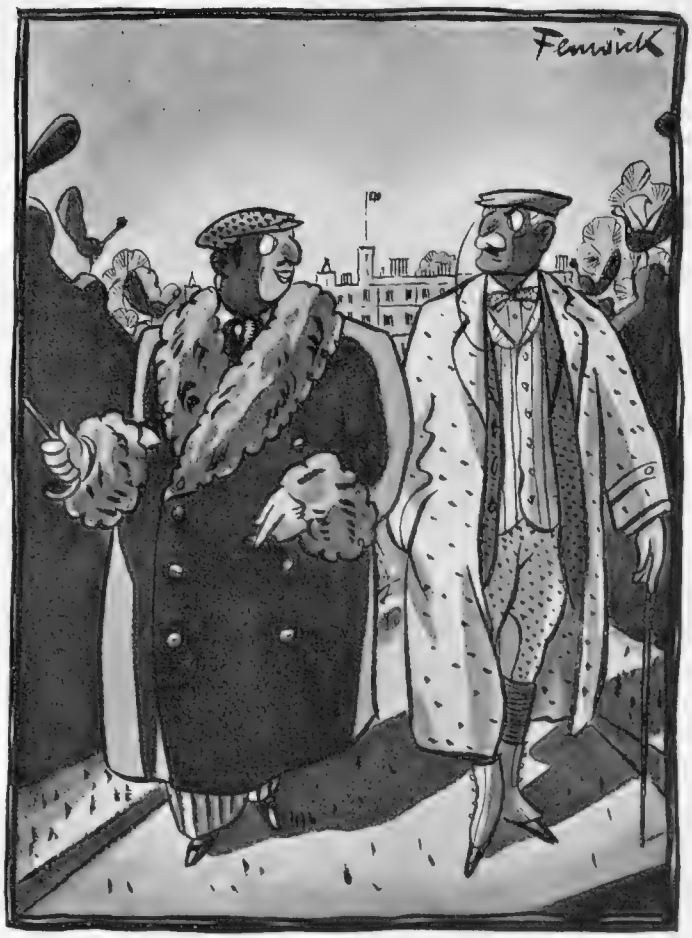
invented rifle-grenades and air-bombs, was awarded, £22,000, of which £13,000 went in subsequent litigation and £8000 in income-tax and super-tax. Of this he complained, not unreasonably.

It 's public money, and one oughtn't to rub it in, naturally, but one of the morals to be deduced is that Big Business certainly pays inventors better than the niggard State. Who was that chap, for example, who first thought of sticking a niggling bit of india-rubber on the end of the lead-pencils he manufactured, thereby clearing a princely fortune ? And that other celebrated chap who invented a thingummy which, when you pressed a sort of doodad, turned it into a—you know—a dingbat rather like a . . . like a whatsit. (We can never remember the names of these things.) Well, he made a colossal pile too—unless we 're thinking of the jam manufacturer during the war who invented a special rations jam which could be used either on bread or boots . . . ? Tut, tut, our memory 's going.

Whimsey is Off

DOWN Southwark way they 've been celebrating the eightieth birthday of Mr. Pollock of Hoxton, the famous maker of toy theatres, in whose little shop Robert Louis Stevenson, among other eminent literary boys, once caught his head against a beam and withdrew it with a sharp oath.

The charming toy theatre show at the Old George Inn seemed to us rather melancholy in its evocation of vanished delights. Those beautifully made rococo stages, those highly-decorative coloured and tinselled figures of heroes and bandits in Victorian costume—how many modern children care about such things ?



" We 've made your old house into a playroom for the chauffeurs, Colonel "

" I want a pair of shears, a pair of scissors and a razor, please "

The little terrible sweethearts have so many electric trains and model 'planes and wireless sets and fearsome steel constructional toys to mess about with that most of 'em would probably give a toy theatre the cool once-over and bung it over to Grandfather slobbering in the chimney corner. The exhibition got a lot of decorative chat from the literary boys and a cable of good wishes from Charlie Chaplin. Alas, he, too, is getting a bit dusty and Victorian these days. *Ludisti satis* . . .

We 've been looking for a dainty little Lambish fugue on the above topic from one of the weekly essayists, naturally working in that very final tag we 've just quoted. We 'd thought of doing one here ourselves, but we 're afraid of the Gang. Anybody trying to muscle-in on the whimsy-Lambsy racket gets rubbed out pretty soon.

Whoops !

THE police seem a little baffled—to coin a phrase—over the identity and motive of an unknown who smashed the window of a shop in New Oxford Street the other night and walked away with a portable typewriter.

In our opinion it 's easy. The theft was made by a very young lady whose friends kept asking her " Why don't you never write a book, Ruby ? " At her reply, " Oh, go on ! I don't hardly know how," they roared with laughter, pointing out that every other young lady in Great Britain has written a book, that 567 new novels are now

published every week, and that no special qualifications are necessary. "Money for jam," they said. "Go on, Rube! You write a book, quick."

So she got in touch with a publisher, who having first of all made her sign a printed agreement giving her nothing down and 1 per cent. royalty on all net sales over the first 500,000, retaining to himself serial rights, film rights, dramatic, American, Colonial and translation rights, filed it carefully away, and then asked her if she could read or write. "Not that it matters a damn," said the publisher cheerily, "but it 's just a question we ask a new author. Not much? I see. Well you 'd better get a typewriter. Saves the office time in correcting spelling, and all that."

Fired with literary ardour, the neophyte then got a typewriter—a kindly critic at a publisher's party having told her the method most usually practised by the Craft—and by now she 's typing away, bless her little heart, like billy-ho, putting down what she said to him and he said to her, and what the gentleman with the fair moustache asked Ivy, and that tall girl in the pink at the ice-hockey thought she owned the place—well *there*, you never *did*, not if it was *ever* so.

Suffer-Time

"THE third act," said one of the theatre critics recently, "asked us to sit and suffer with the two broken school-mistresses"; which must have been fine. Unfortunately for us, the amount of agony we can take at a time in the theatre is small. We get drowsy, lose touch, and drop off. Not so a masochistic lady who was once in the next stall at *The Cenci*. She kept eagerly lunging forward, in case a single sigh, groan, or gasp of pain on the stage got past her. To fill her cup of pleasure to overflowing, we thought dimly, somebody should have run a pin smartly into her each time. We looked round for James ("Boss") Agate, who often suffers acutely himself in the theatre, but dumbly, with closed eyes. Our idea was to ask him how he felt about most of the anguish taking place on the stage for once, instead of in his own end stall. Pretty sore, no doubt. However, we didn't see him, and the play was very interesting.

The only other leading drama critic we have longed to comfort in severe trouble is the man Benchley, who grips his seat, apparently praying inaudibly. Actually he 's reciting Lincoln's great speech at Gettysburg, beginning, "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this Continent . . ." and ending, ". . . of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

At intervals faint mewing noises may issue from him. At other times he goes through the preliminary motions of knitting a four-coloured wrap-rascal for an imaginary old lady in Nantucket named Miss Prudence. Sometimes, but more rarely, he will quietly open a vein and begin bleeding to death, his increasing waxen pallor showing up in vivid contrast against the high colour of the lady on the left his head happens to have dropped on. It 's a curious case, pathologically.

Factory Gossip Dept.

DURING the shooting of the Dietrich-Donat film, *Knight Without Armour*, at Denham, Bucks, the other day, part of a quasi-Russian train crowded with pseudo-Russian refugees on a soi-disant stretch of the Trans-Siberian Railway collapsed, and slightly injured several people. The Dietrich and Mr. Donat, though present, were not involved, and nobody—except those of us who mingle occasionally with the film boys—knows what agonies of mind and body the authorities must have gone through till they were officially informed that only a few 30-bob "extras" had been damaged.

Film stars are of course heavily insured against working accidents, but one mischance nevertheless can hold up an entire production and cost the producing company thousands. Everybody bears the loss, from the chairman and directors and their wives and mistresses down to the youngest plumber's assistant on the set. Hence in Hollywood, and possibly in some British studios, there are heavy fines whenever an electrician working one of those big arcs fifty feet up lets anything drop—a spanner, say, or a hot dog, or a bag of nuts, or a crowbar, or a French novel. It was discovered by Hollywood statisticians, working day and night on masses of carefully collated data, that in 98·76 cases out of a hundred one of these things fell accidentally on a director and knocked him flat, often in the very act of bawling some technician out. The curious recurrence of these accidents was often cited as a strong argument against the Theory of Probabilities.

One bizarre Hollywood case is still talked about. A chunk of something metallic fell from the lighting galleries on a very nasty director's head and sent him to hospital. The corps of electricians knew nothing about it, and the producer didn't know whom to punish, until a tiny little blonde extra suggested shyly that perhaps it was the fairies. They then sacked her, to find next time that she was right. It *was* the fairies. Shrug *that* off. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Now don't nag, Captain"

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 48

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior

IF Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, ever wrote his autobiography it ought to be called *Living Down Father*. From the start his father did not want him to go into pictures and did his best to make him change his mind when ultimately he went to Hollywood. It was not until three years ago that they really got to know and like each other. Young Douglas Fairbanks was his son by his first marriage before Mary Pickford came on the scene. At the age of nine months he and his mother, now Mrs. Jack Whiting, came to live over here, and for a long while things were not too good. So much so that the boy had to mix paints as an apprentice to a painter in Paris, where he learnt to speak French like a native, and also took up painting and sculpting himself.

Poverty became so acute that at the age of fourteen he was finally persuaded to go to Hollywood and play in a film at a thousand dollars a week. He was on a long contract, but was such a rank failure in *Stephen Speaks Out* that Paramount promptly got rid of him. However, the windfall had paid the family debts and young Douglas returned to Europe, tutoring himself, and reading such advanced writers as Schopenhauer. He also tried his hand at writing and drawing, both of which came too easily for him to make a real mark at them.

AGAIN financial troubles became tiresome, and he persuaded Jesse Laski to take him on at any price in a stock company. He made one picture, for which he was paid at the rate of ten pounds a week. It was called *The Air Mail*. After it was completed his salary was reduced to five pounds a week. He saw his father only occasionally at this period, and the novelty of his name had worn off. Indeed, it became a real disadvantage, and for a time he thought of altering his name entirely. Producers said to him, "You cannot jump like your father," and showed him the door.

Ultimately young Douglas decided to be as different from his father as possible—to be unathletic, above all. Things still kept running against him, and he took up writing professionally. At last, however, he got a break. He played Greta Garbo's brother in *Green Hat*, and then opposite Joan Crawford in *Our Modern Maidens*. They married immediately afterwards, but the marriage was not a success. What really put him on the map was *Dawn Patrol*. Even then he only got his part by working on location for two days unknown to the executives. This, however, brought him a brand-new contract with permission even to help choose the stories in which he was going to appear. After two or three pictures he experienced another slump, but was picking up again just before he left California with his father in 1933. You may remember *Morning Glory*.

IN London with his father he became impressed by the possibilities of English pictures, before receiving an invitation to play in *Design for Living*. He went back to the United States, but at once got pneumonia—this for the third time. For his whole life has been a mixture of robust health alternating with extreme illness. Despite the damp English climate he returned, and around his personality was built Criterion Films.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, has all the character of a Latin although he has fair hair. He dresses well; always wears a red carnation; dislikes talkative women and every kind of inefficiency. He is studiously unpunctual; hopelessly restless; loves telephoning; adores England with all the trimmings of scarlet uniforms and ceremonial; makes a study of American politics; is full of complexes; is so ambitious for the future that he is never satisfied with results; can be very stubborn, and yet is always ready to make mistakes if they teach him something; has a romantic mind; dramatises anything; and ought to be a historical novelist. But his chief charm is his boyish enthusiasm.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, London

William Somerset Maugham

First a writer for the few, then a playwright for the many, Somerset Maugham for many a year now has combined, as a writer and a playwright, both kinds of success. A new play or a new book by him commands the attention and invariably wins the favour of the critical, and is at the same time a sure seller in the wide market where the ordinary reader and the ordinary playgoer buys his pleasure. (But he said that *Sheppey* was to be his last play.) Now film-makers are discovering him as a superb story-teller, and not only as the author of *Rain*. *Ashenden* became *Secret Agent* last year; this year *The Tenth Man* has been adapted for the screen with John Lodge and Antoinette Cellier in the leading parts, and Brian Desmond Hurst as director. (Its premiere is on December 1st at the Piccadilly, in aid of the St. Pancras Nursing Association). Maugham is now working on his autobiography; earlier this year he published *Cosmopolitan*, a new book of short stories, and last year there was *Don Fernando*, a fascinating collection of essays and reflections on Spain

Riding to the Hunt—

—Over the drawbridge and between the lion guards of the Château de Touffou and (below) by a short cut through the woods

"Yoicks!" in French

The hunting season in France opens about the same time as ours, and the annual pictures have already appeared in news-sheet and news-reel of clergy blessing the hounds at the opening meets. These photographs are of a hunt near Poitiers; the Château de Touffou is twenty kilometres away, the property of Mme. de Vergie. Boar and deer are the favourite quarry in France, although there are packs of foxhounds in the south-west, with Pau as the local Melton. The horn-wrapped huntsmen are as often as not mercenary, hiring themselves and their music to any hunting seigneur

Photographs by Kollar, Paris

Roye (London)

Hunter's French Horn

"Muted Strings"

Keneth Kent Plays Beethoven

Photographs by Anthony

Music Master and Pupil

Ludwig Beethoven (Keneth Kent), and Giulietta Guicciardi (Jane Baxter)

The Deaf Composer and a Ghost from the Past

The last scene in the play is set in Beethoven's room in Baron Pasqualati's house, to which he returns alone after the first performance of his Eighth Symphony. There Giulietta, who has been to the concert, comes to visit him—their first meeting since the young musician fell in love with his pupil, and renounced her for the sake of his music twenty-three years earlier

Left: Violet Vanbrugh as the Countess von Brunsvik

Violet Vanbrugh makes Countess von Brunsvik von Korompa the sort of "great lady" who'd be adored by her nephews and nieces for her humour and gaiety, loved by her old friends for her raciness and vitality, and feared by frauds for her clear eye and plain speaking: a perfect performance in all too short a part

Portrait of a Great Man — by Keneth Kent

As far as the "romantic" convention of the play permits, Keneth Kent's portrait of Beethoven is on the grand scale, impressive and moving: a performance worthy to rank with his portrait of Napoleon in the de Casalis-Sherriff play earlier this year. These two parts might involve Mr. Kent in the creation of a gallery of "Old Masters" if playwrights and producers had their way. "Muted Strings" (which is at Daly's) is a first play by Arthur Watkyn, and has been produced by Henry Cass, who was at the Old Vic last season when "St. Helena" was first given. Isobel Elsom as Princess Lichnowsky, wife of Beethoven's patron, has the leading part opposite Keneth Kent

Nude Study

This is one of the camera studies made by John Everard for "Life Lines," his new book of photographs which Chapman and Hall have just published (price 12s. 6d.)

Portrait of Kay Francis

Gitano's arrangement of black and white card, cord and cloth portrays the charming, serious young woman known to the film public as Kay Francis (a name she has just adopted legally in private life, too: she was Katherine Clinton). Apart from her early comedy successes and a gay, glamorous part in *Trouble in Paradise*, she has specialised in earnest parts since joining Warners'. She was a general practitioner in *Dr. Monica*, a social secretary to a "Travellers' Aid Association" in *Stranded*, an actress in *I Found Stella Parish*, all making a good lead-up to her triumph of sympathetic portrayal as Florence Nightingale in Warners' *The White Angel*, which went to the Tivoli last Wednesday (direction by William Dieterle, who made *Louis Pasteur*). In *Sweet Aloes*, shown in America but not yet here, she takes Miss Wynyard's stage part; in *Stolen Holiday*, now making, she is a dress designer

Cannons of Hollywood

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield, First Sea Lord

Sir Ernle Chatfield was one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty who recently attended the King on his wet, stormy but highly successful visit to the Home Fleet at Portland. He has held his position as Chief of Naval Staff since 1933 and his appointment came at the end of a brilliant and regular rise through the Service. Born in 1873, the son of the late Admiral A. J. Chatfield, C.B., he entered H.M.S. Britannia at the age of thirteen and from the day he first got his ship, twenty years later, his promotion reads like a schedule: captain, 1909; rear-admiral, 1920; vice-admiral, 1926; admiral, 1930; Admiral of the Fleet, 1933. In the War he saw most of the hottest spots as Flag-Captain to Lord (then Sir David) Beatty at Heligoland, Dogger Bank (despatches, C.B.) and Jutland (despatches, C.M.G.); his knighthood came in 1919, and subsequently he commanded the Light Cruiser Squadron (1923-24), the Atlantic Fleet (1929-30), in the Mediterranean (1930-32), with an interval when he was Third Sea Lord. He married in 1909, has a son and two daughters, and lives in Sloane Street

FINE GIN

THERE IS A spirit with which there is none to compare . . . a pure spirit, clean and wholesome, a benevolent spirit . . . so very good for one. Its name is *Fine* Gin.

For long years before its grace is presented to this busy world, silently it sleeps within a still cask, gathering smooth maturity *as the magic of the age-old wood persuades away the boisterousness of its youth.* For *Fine* Gin is mellow gin, cultured and restrained, matured like every spirit of noble kin.

And with the passing of time and the vagaries of events, the character of *Fine* Gin will never change. *Fine* Gin will always be smooth, soft as a late spring breeze and tinged with the amber of mellow maturity.

Now, knowing these things, your reputation as a connoisseur has only to be spread abroad . . . when you ask for gin, think only of *Fine* Gin and unflinchingly insist that its name be BOOTH'S . . . *Fine* Gin, *matured by Time.*

BOOTH'S

"the liqueur of Gins"

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED · LONDON · E.C.

Dorland

Films of the Day

Kay Francis Plays Florence Nightingale : By George Campbell

WHEN Hollywood announced a picture about Florence Nightingale, quite a number of people, remembering the egregious *Mary of Scotland*, must have had misgivings. The Lady with a Lamp, ever ready with a bandage and a wisecrack. The Ministering Angel, rewarded by the mute admiration of the ranks, and a tender proposal of marriage from Lord Raglan. " You 'll find it kinda tough here, Flo . . . listen," sweetheart, from now on I 'm gonna take care of you poisanally." Not forgetting the big scene where the dying Russian commander, looking up at Florence on the field of battle, beckons his chief of staff to his side : " Popoffski, I 've never yet fought women . . . my last order is . . . cease firing ! " (*Dies to slow accompaniment of " The Wheel of the Waggon is Broken."*) Triumphant release of latest Super-Artcraft creation under the title of *The Local Girl Makes Good.*

IF you ever entertained such wicked thoughts, put them from you. *The White Angel* is as faithful to history as makes no matter, and first-rate entertainment into the bargain. Whether Kay Francis really bears much physical resemblance to Florence Nightingale I doubt ; but the point is immaterial. What matters is that she has got inside the woman's skin, she has made her live. She brings to the part intensity of purpose, passionate conviction, and a high sincerity that is never high-falutin. She succeeds in suggesting Miss Nightingale's crusading spirit, her indifference to ordinary pleasures, without making her a prig. At Scutari she plays half a dozen dramatic scenes ; not once does she find it necessary to make a gesture, or raise her voice. Two or three years ago, in Tay Garnett's tour de force, *One Way Passage*, Miss Francis showed uncommon talent in a romantic rôle. *The White Angel* proves that she has something rarer—the intelligence and fire required to make a great character actress ; and such are not common these days on the screen—or off. And never were, despite Mr. James Agate.

THE supporting players are adequate and, in one case, quite extraordinarily good. George Curzon, familiar on the West End stage and screen, is smoothly efficient as Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War ; Halliwell Hobbs, who must have played more butlers than any other man living, goes to the other end of the social scale this time with a nice little miniature of Lord Raglan, and Ian Hunter is the War Correspondent whose dispatches did in actual fact reveal the appalling conditions in the Crimean hospitals and help Florence Nightingale to overcome the passive resistance and dumb insolence of the Army medical officers. Her chief opponent on the spot—the brilliant exception I have referred to—is played by Donald Crisp. Without ever questioning the man's sincerity and devotion to duty, as he sees it, you long to see him throttled. Or, better still, to throttle him yourself. The rôle of another of Miss Nightingale's enemies, an Under-Secretary for War, is filled with a complacency even more nauseating by that veteran in villainy, Montagu Love.

I AM not sure, however, that the most impressive parts of the picture are not the purely atmospheric shots of British hospitals in peace and war eighty years ago. Those were the days when training for a nurse was considered quite unnecessary, and smelly harridans were brought back to the hospital by policemen drunk and incapable, to make more whoopee in the wards. Hospitals were filthy. Nurses and even doctors thought nothing of using old and soiled bandages. Major operations generally resulted in the patient dying agonisedly of gangrene—though if you were lucky enough to have your leg shot off at sea, and cauterised with a red-hot poker and boiling tar, you had an outside chance.

If these were the conditions in London, the hospitals hastily improvised at Scutari at the beginning of the Crimean War can best be imagined. The little matter of taking care of the wounded was regarded by the War Office as a side line. Food, medicines, bandages, clothing, beds, doctors—these comforts, it was seriously contended, mustn't be overdone, or the soldiers would grow soft. When newspaper reports revealed how thousands of the poor devils were being forced to go barefoot in snow and icy mud, or tear up their blankets to make coverings for their frost-bitten, gangrened feet, the War Office contractors shipped off a consignment of boots—all for the same foot. As for female nurses, the very idea of a nice girl engaging in such a disgusting trade was considered immodest and perfectly scandalous ; and, but for the influence of her old friend Sidney Herbert, it is safe to say that Florence Nightingale, resolute as she was, would never have reached the front.

Well, she did reach it, as this moving film shows ; she saved more men than incompetent generals killed ; she started a movement that swept the world ; and she could not say that her Queen and country were not grateful. In 1907, when she was eighty-seven, they gave her the Order of Merit.

JEAN HARLOW may not be a White Angel, but she's the original Platinum Blonde, and *Libelled Lady* shows that she has lost none of her punch and personality. Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy complete the quartet at the head of an extravagantly powerful cast, and of its kind the picture is rattling good entertainment.

Star Quartet in " Libelled Lady "

William Powell, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy are the quartet whose acting makes " Libelled Lady " the gay persuasive funny piece of entertainment it is. Myrna Loy and William Powell are incomparable teamsters, and play unerringly to each other, and Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are well matched. Jack Conway directed ; the film 's at the Empire

In Christmas Gift cases

You can't do better than give your friends

Gordon's

this Christmas

Gordon's
ORANGE GIN
LEMON GIN
DRY GIN
12/- per bottle.
Also supplied in half-bottles and miniatures.
Obtainable everywhere.
THE PERFECT TRIO
DRY GIN, ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN 36/-
(U.K. only)

In splendid attaché cases

Gordon's
SHAKER COCKTAILS
6-BOTTLE CASES 3 gns.
Piccadilly; Perfect; Fifty-Fifty; Martini; Dry Martini; Bronx.
4-BOTTLE CASES 2 gns.
Piccadilly; Bronx; Martini; Dry Martini.
(U.K. only)

Manhattan; Bronx; Piccadilly; Perfect; Dry Martini; Gimlet; Fifty-Fifty; Martini.
Single Shakers 10/6 (U.K. only).
Also in ½'s and miniatures.

Obtainable everywhere.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON, E.C.1

"Bystander" Short Story No. 65

The Prince Proposes

By Maboth Moseley

PRINCE NICHOLAS KLEMENOVSKY was everything one has learned to expect of a White Russian. He was of ancient lineage, he was closely connected with the late Imperial family, he had lost everything in the Revolution.

When the listener was a woman he knew just how long to pause on the horrors of the Revolution. He had been practising for so long that he 'd become word perfect.

Although he was without visible means of subsistence he managed to live in comparative luxury and to be in all the right places at precisely the right moments. Much of his success was due undoubtedly to his handsome features. Dark, with lustrous brown eyes, aquiline nose and shapely lips, he was in every sense the impressionable woman's idea of a Romantic Bachelor.

In addition, he had charm and good manners, and an inexhaustible supply of that rare quality known as tact. He could speak six languages with a disarming fluency. In other commendable qualities he was not so fortunate, so that most of his transactions could only be described as shady.

But when he was described as an adventurer—and it was a common enough description—he would merely shrug his shoulders and murmur in one of six languages : " C'est la vie, c'est la vie."

On the morning when he read of Miss Aurora Duval's proposed visit to London, he decided that the time had come for him to renounce the joys of bachelorhood. He 'd met her at a Hollywood party, and was determined to renew the acquaintance. She was not only the world's highest paid film star and a raving beauty, but it was rumoured that she had a brain.

Nicholas was so tired of pretty silly women and of dowdy clever women, that the combination of beauty and brain, plus wealth, seemed irresistible.

THERE was no doubt at all that Miss Aurora Duval's face would have launched a thousand ships, but at the moment when she crossed to the windows of her sumptuous suite in Paris, its matchless beauty was marred by a disfiguring scowl.

" I tell you I won't go to London ! " she exclaimed in violent tones.

" But, say, Aurora, you can't disappoint your public," expostulated Mr. Howard P. Alexander, who knew when he had got hold of a good thing, and was not in the habit of losing it. He gave her a sidelong look, and polished a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. " That last interview you gave to the Press was nerts. Can't you remember it 's the public that keeps the box-office going ? "

" Say, can that ! " she interrupted impatiently. " If I 'm nerts then you are too. I 've just made up my mind I 'm just not going to London. See ? "

She turned mutinously towards the window, but the sight of the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme seemed only to increase her wrath. She transferred her gaze to the cars, which, coming along the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Castiglione, were converging on the Place.

Suddenly, she changed her tactics. Her tawny head drooped. Her lissom figure seemed to wilt. When she turned there were tears in her matchless blue eyes. Mr. Alexander shifted uncomfortably. He was never quite certain when the famous actress was shamming and when she was not.

" I thought this was to be a vacation ! " she began bitterly. " But I call it a nightmare ! I 'll go really nerts soon ! "

Mr. Alexander eased his collar with a thick, clumsy finger.

" Sure, honey, I know," he murmured sympathetically. " But——"

" I 'm tired of this publicity racket," she exclaimed. " I wanna go home ! " Suddenly, picking up a book, she heaved it at Mr. Alexander, but he dodged it, and the volume caught the chin of her masseuse, who was coming in at that moment. " You ! " screamed the actress, " You ! Can't you leave a poor girl alone for a minute ! "

NEVERTHELESS, Miss Aurora Duval did come to London, when an army of fans swarmed upon Victoria Station.

Half an hour before the Golden Arrow was due, the arrival platform was cleared of all but the police, the Press, officials of the film company, cameramen, and a few persistent fans who remained deaf to all entreaties.

When the arc light, cameras and microphone were placed in position, the grimy station was transformed into what might have been an annexe of a film studio. But for the unruliness of the fans, the stage might have been set for the arrival of a royal queen. On this occasion the vigilance of the police was not so rigid, since no one imagined that an anarchist would be waiting to assassinate a mere movie queen.

At last the train came in, and as it did so the crowd pressed forward. Despite the admonitions of an amiable constable, many adventurous spirits succeeded in breaking through the cordon as the ordinary passengers alighted,

(*Concluded on page* xvi)

Sketch by Lowen

Still she remained silent. He took the plunge . . .

L.10a.

at an interview
where
everything
depends
upon the impression
you
make . . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
somehow
restores
your
self-confidence . . .

so that
you
really
do yourself justice,
and the interview
becomes
a
happier affair
for you both ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Laughter and Fun: By Alan Thomas

MR. NORMAN COLLINS' *Trinity Town* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a wittily written and amusing novel. Its central figure—or one of its central figures, for Captain Emms could never be very far from the centre of anything—is Mr. "Horrie" Broster. His name comes near to suggesting the kind of man he is. You may meet his like in any city "dive" about lunch-time or in a west-end lounge between six and seven in the evening. He is a financial speculator whose life is based on a series of convictions that "he is on to something good at last." A man of breezy personality who infinitely prefers the spoken to the written word. Hearing on what he considered to be the best authority that United Jam Factors intended to erect their headquarters on a site just outside the East Anglian town of Trinity, Mr. Broster sensed at once that he was on to something good. If Mr. Chardle, who was Trinity's chief estate agent, was as putty in Broster's supple hands, the same could not be said of Mrs. Emms, who owned a particularly desirable site near the market place, or indeed of her volatile husband, the Captain, whose efforts to stem the oncoming tide of what one must call civilisation were about as unavailing as King Canute's reputed argument with the sea—or, rather, they would have been as unavailing if civilisation in the person of Mr. Broster had pressed the matter home.

The fun, however, is not confined to haggling over real estate: there are plenty of side issues, featuring, for example, Mrs. Broster with her taste for cheap jewellery and her absurd dog Fips; Vicky Emms, who worked in the real estate office and bade fair to become Mr. Broster's personal property; and young Watson whose services to Broster were altogether unappreciated. Taken all round the characters in this book are as amusing and individual a crowd as you could wish to meet. *Trinity Town* well deserves the popularity that 's coming to it.

A BOOK I enjoyed very much is *Parody Party* (Hutchinson; 8*s.* 6*d.*), edited by Leonard Russell and illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. Over a dozen well-known authors are parodied. Three of the entries are as brilliant as anything I have read in the way of parody: they are Rebecca West doing homage to Charles Morgan ("A tale of Mors, seventh Viscount and Twelfth Baron Sepulchre"); Rose Macaulay in the rôle of Ernest Hemingway; and G. B. Stern blowing a kiss to Sir James Barrie in "The House that likes to be let furnished." As it happens all the other contributions are by men—which may lead you to speculate on the question whether women are by nature better parodists than men and, if so, why? Of the rest I would particularly commend Mr. J. B. Morton's search for John Buchan, entitled "The Queen of Minikoi," and Mr. A. G. Macdonell who gracefully gives way to Mr. J. B. Priestley in Eden Week-end. The manner in which Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis raises his hat to Mr. Baldwin in a frolicsome piece entitled More about England (Draft of Speech to be delivered to the Bewdley Rotary Club next St. George's Day) smacks more of satire than of parody.

Whatever parties you miss this season, don't miss *Parody Party*.

The Feodora Gleichen Prizewinner

Miss Rosemary Harris, the winner of the Feodora Gleichen Memorial Fund prize for women sculptors, is nineteen years old, a sculptress of two years' standing, lives at Hangersley Height, Ringwood, and loves breaking-in New Forest ponies (look at the left-hand sculpture). The prize, for which Sir William Llewellyn was among the judges, carries a grant of £100

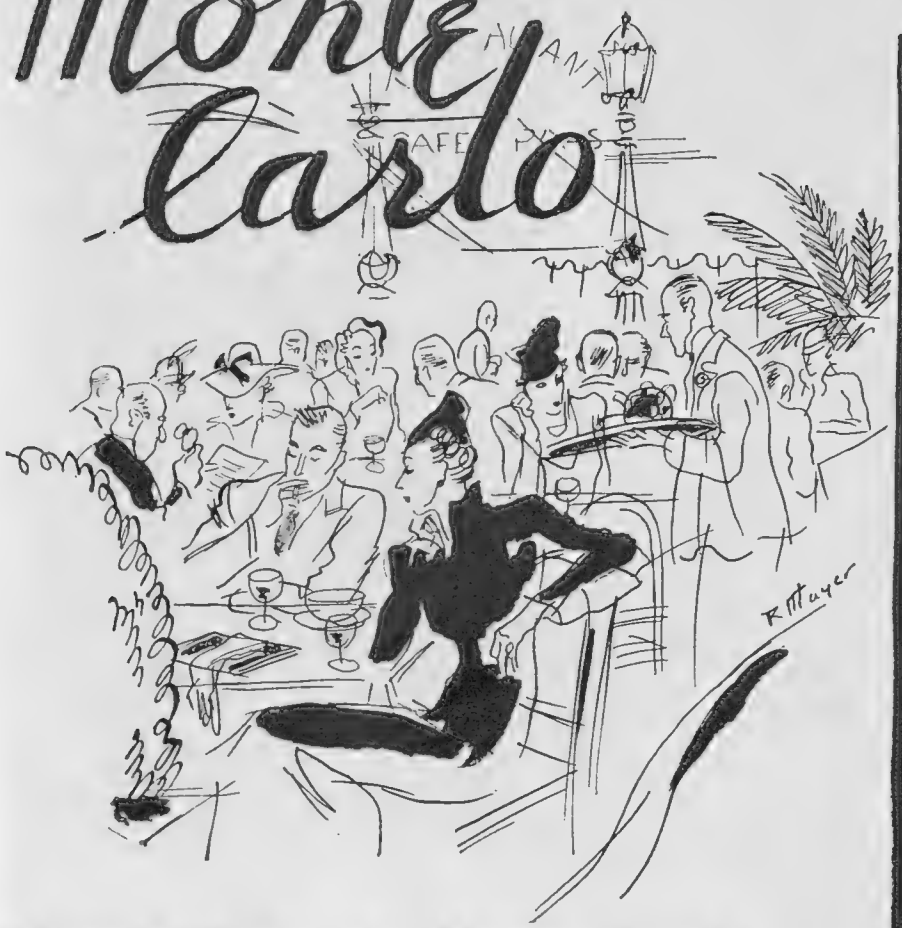
HERCULE POIROT has returned from the Near East to the West End. Picture a bridge-party in the Park Lane flat of a Mephistophelian dago named Mr. Shaitana. His guests are an unusual bunch. A police Superintendent, a woman detective story-writer, an Empire builder (handsome, of course, and slightly sunburnt) and M. Poirot—they make up one table. The company at the other table, which is in the adjoining room, is even more select, for each of the four players is known to have committed at least one murder! Shaitana himself does not play. He sits by the fire listening to the calling, so shortly himself to take his own last call. For while the play proceeds he is dispatched. There was nothing blunt about the instrument. It was long and thin—"of gleaming metal with a small round jewelled head." You might easily have taken it for an extra shirt stud. Dummy, of course, did it: but at one time or another they had each of them been dummy: and each of them having done one murder, was clearly capable of another.

That is the problem which Agatha Christie sets and with the aid of Poirot solves in *Cards on the Table* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). And the amazing thing is that the utter improbability of it all somehow or other gets lost sight of in the skill with which Mrs. Christie plays her cards. Her hand, of course, is a good one—four aces, four knaves and sundry low cards—but a less expert player might easily have lost a trick or two. Not so Mrs. Christie. In this game she makes full use of the little grey cells and the result is a grand slam.

MISS PAMELA FRANKAU'S *Villa Anodyne* (Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an accomplished light-hearted novel that I can recommend without reservation to all brows, high or low. The book is concerned with a summer holiday which an English civil servant, who writes biographies as a side-line, takes with his attractive wife on the Côte d'Azur. The plot is less important and impressive than Miss Frankau's cleverness. She has captured unerringly just the kind of atmosphere engendered in the Riviera by an amourous lady novelist and her hangers-on. Here we see them all disporting themselves in, by and on the sea, nude, semi-nude, and if clothed rarely in their right minds. Miss Frankau describes their antics with a satirical but, on the whole, a kindly wit. There are pages where the terse staccato sentences fairly coruscate, and the wit is larded with talk of good food and good drink, for both of which Miss Frankau shews an almost masculine appreciation.

IN *Laugh With Me* (Cassell; 3*s.* 6*d.*) Sir Edward Seymour Hicks invites us to share with him the humorous side of life. The book is a collection of funny stories—not all of them new—with Sir Edward in the rôle of compère. "They are," he writes, "but a few of the happy memories of a lifetime on the stage, for if I live till 1937 I shall have been your humble servant for exactly fifty years." Scattered among what Sir Edward calls "this *pousse-café* of gilded platitude and oft-time merry epigram" are morsels of tragedy—a poem and a memory or two of Armageddon—serving to offset the laughter in this jovial book.

Monte Carlo



There's Sun at Monte Carlo . . .

The ancients worshipped the sun. Who wouldn't? Akhnaton, husband of lovely Nefertiti and father-in-law of Tutankhamen, started the cult in 1370 B.C. The Ancient Greeks and Romans offered their prayers to sun-god Apollo, ideal of manly beauty. We wouldn't go as far as that—but we'd certainly go as far as Monte Carlo . . .

340 days of sun out of 365 is the average for the last seven years. What more could any sun-worshipper desire? Think of the joy of always being certain of your weather! Never too hot in summer—never too cold in winter. They chose the best site on the Mediterranean coast for Monte Carlo—and, by Apollo! the sun realises it.

CALENDAR
DECEMBER 1936—MARCH 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20*; International Sporting Club—opening of the Season, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18–26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Christmas Tournament, *December 21*; Club Championships, *January 11–17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18–24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—SEGOVIA, *December 18*; CORTOT and THIBAUD, *December 25*; CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17–19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.

This winter the cost of living at MONTE CARLO will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

Shivering in the Cheltenham paddock were Lady Cadogan and her sister, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller

Shivering by a Cheltenham brazier were the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller, the third of the four sisters, and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, Lord Westbury's sister

Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, wearing a neat tweed suit and amusing gloves and shoes, was photographed with Mr. Lezard

Racing at Cheltenham—the November Meeting

Daylight in the Country

At a Quorn Meet

Lady May Abel Smith and Mrs. Helmut Schröder, Sir Lionel Darrell's elder daughter, were at the Quorn meet at Shoby Cross Roads

Right: the three sisters are Daphne, Marigold, and Pansy Bonham-Carter, daughters of Major A. L. Bonham-Carter, of Buriton, Petersfield, Hants.; the other girl is Hazel Phillips. Pansy Bonham-Carter is engaged to her brother, Joseph Allan Phillips, who is in the Navy

Check-Suited Sisters

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt spends every available day of the year hunting, riding in point-to-points, or racing. She was out with the Quorn on the day their meet was at Shoby Cross Roads

Florida Supper

Lord Avebury and Lady Georgina Hay had supper together at the Florida. She is Lord Tweeddale's second daughter; he came of age last May

Right: the Conan Doyles were two more late-nighters at the Florida. They were married last August; he is the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son, and she was Princess Nina Mdivani

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Conan Doyle

Night Life in London

Conrad Veidt at a Charity Ball

Conrad Veidt had just won a couple of bottles of something at the bootleggers' den at the Noah's Ark Ball. On the left is the Hon. Patrick Mitchell-Thomson, on the right is his wife (who was Phoebette Swithinbank; they were married two weeks ago). Lady Selsdon was chairman of the Ball, which was in aid of the Women's Guild of Empire Work for Animals

A Winter Sports Party

Top: Mr. Jack Heaton, the Cresta expert, and the Hon. Mrs. Yorke, Lord Biddulph's elder daughter, were at the huge dinner-party Mr. "Patsy" Richardson gave before the Winter Sports Party at Bruton Street

Centre: Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, who is a Sestrières enthusiast, talked about ski-ing to Mrs. Dick Allen

Below: Miss "Baba" Crewdson, Mr. Digby Raeburn, and Lady (Ernest) Raeburn were three more of the eleven hundred guests at Alpine Sports' very good party. "Baba" Crewdson is a sister of Olympic ski-er "Di" Crewdson. Digby Raeburn is an ex-captain of Cambridge ski-ing but not yet an international

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Varsity Match at Easter

THESE thoughtful words of mine will see the light of day just before Uncle—if I may be so familiar—Stanley's team of internationals put Oxford through their paces at Iffley Road.

Stanley's match at Oxford is a strictly domestic affair, however many illustrious persons may be playing against the University. In no sense is it a trial match, though the selectors may watch the proceedings "with active mind and furrowed brow."

It does take place, none the less, at a critical point in the season, when the Universities are bracing themselves for Twickenham; and the first England trial match looms ahead.

I WONDER how many of this year's University players will at least be tried for their respective countries? Some of the Cambridge backs, surely, must be under consideration, and there are those who already tip T. A. Kemp as the likely England stand-off half. The Scottish selectors, no doubt, are thinking of R. B. Bruce-Lockhart and J. G. S. Forrest, and there are forwards in both packs who may be given their chances.

THERE is a theory going about, incidentally, which suggests that it is a mistake to play the Varsity match in December. It should be played at the end of the Spring term they say, for two good reasons. First, club matches against Varsity teams after December lose a great deal of interest at present. Second, and more important, Varsity players go at it with such intensity during the first three months of the season that they are considerably below their true form for the rest of the year.

I have even heard it argued that by playing the Varsity match in December a great many promising footballers are wasted, and that the standard of international football has suffered in consequence.

Sappers and Cambridge Blues

J. R. Rawlence (Wellington and Pembroke) and W. M. Inglis (Rugby and Clare) are both members of the R.E. contingent at Cambridge, and bothl'35 Rugger Blues. Rawlence has been absent from the side recently because of a knee injury: Inglis is one of the only two old Blues in this year's pack (the other is Charles Laborde)

THIS may be carrying the argument too far, but I think there is something in it. Cambridge, for example, have recently played seven stiff matches in a fortnight, and that is too wearing a programme for any side. I fancy, moreover, that those who have not struggled for a place in a University team hardly realise the strain involved, mental as well as physical. Even when a player has been given his Blue, there is still the fear of injury or illness which may prevent him turning out on the great day, and the tension does not end until he trots on to the field at Twickenham.

There is something to be said, then, for the proposal to ease the strain by postponing the match until March, and so lessening the concentration. Some may think, though, that this would merely prolong the agony, and it would be very awkward for a University captain if his key players were chosen for international matches during the really important period of his team building. Altogether very difficult, and I don't suppose we need anticipate any change.

WHEN I watched Oxford the other day, I was particularly interested in the play of H. D. Freakes, the South African freshman whose reputation at full-back is so considerable. He seemed, I must admit, a little slow, and though his positioning in general was sound, he was apt to hang too far back. The truth is, I believe, that he has not yet accustomed himself entirely to our conditions. The flight of the ball is very different in South Africa, and it will take a little time for him to grow used to the change. He is, for all that, obviously a good player.

Another player who interests me this season is G. W. C. Meikle, the Leicester centre. He has apparently struck his best form, and it seems quite likely that he will play for England again. He played on the wing, you may remember, three years ago, and I was always impressed by his speed and cleverness. What is more, he can kick goals, and that is an asset in these days.

R. A. GERRARD, by the way, happily recovered from an injury, is also in fine fettle, judging by his performance when Somerset was swamped by Gloucestershire. England's mid-field problem, in fact, becomes complicated. Gerrard, Cranmer, Meikle, Walford of Oxford, Leyland, Heaton, Auty, Kemp, Candler, Elliot—what will the selectors make of it?

As for the wings, we have Obolensky and Jever, but I hear great things of R. H. Guest, a right wing from Liverpool University, though he will have to be good indeed to disturb Obolensky. Then there are other young players emerging from the ruck. B. E. Nicholson, for example, the Old Whitgiftian centre, who has done so well for Surrey this winter. Nicholson is at least worth a trial, and we may see him at Workington.

SURREY have had an unlucky season so far. First came the accident which deprived them of J. S. Maddocks, that brilliant little scrum-half, and then that narrow defeat in the rain and mud by Kent. A pity, for they have tried hard, and Mr. Adrian Stoop has even persuaded their three-quarters to devote Sundays to practising under his guidance for a month or more.

Such keenness should be rewarded. The County Championship this year is very open, as a matter of fact. Some say that Warwickshire, carried by the Coventry pack, will win, but Gloucestershire have many supporters, and so have Lancashire, for whom Leyland and Heaton appear to have renewed their profitable partnership. And Hampshire have a way of coming from behind, so to speak, and scooping the lot.

London Welsh Beat Newport by a Drop Goal

Their match at Dulwich was a mud-lark for both packs, who threw themselves into it with vigour, as above. Backs failed to take a greasy ball across either line and G. H. Davies' dropped goal won the match for London Welsh. Otherwise anybody's game

This England . . .

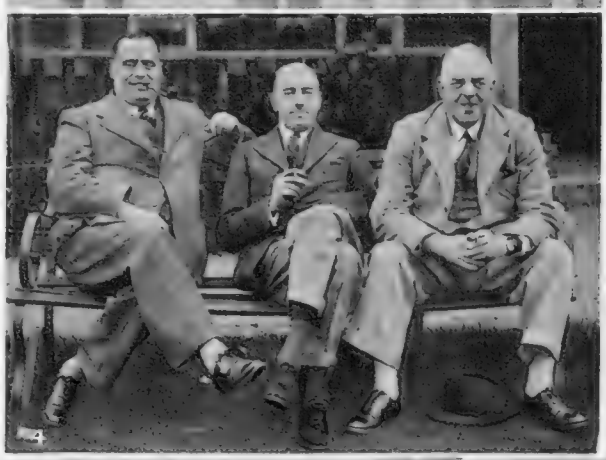
Cornish Cliffs, near Land's End

"THIS happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in a silver sea . . ." A little world, indeed, cut off by tongue and tide from the rest of man, striving to find the best in life, and building an Empire by the way. A heritage of close-held traditions and sound customs—customs that are not consciously historic, that persist rather in our habits of life and recreation. One such that helped this little world to thrive was the barley brew that they found to be good—how many centuries ago? You find it still in Worthington—a mellow, very "traditional" ale.

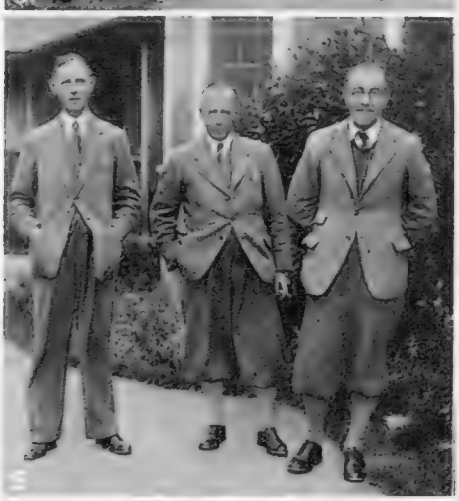
ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Golf Clubs at Home: Copt Heath, Birmingham

This club was founded in 1908, a nine-hole course ten miles from Birmingham and Warwick. The modern eighteen-hole course was laid out in 1912 by H. S. Colt. The present secretary, Mr. Brake (Picture No. 1), succeeded in this office one of the best-known figures of the golfing world, Major T. P. Cooke, secretary of the Midland G.U. The club now owns about 190 acres of freehold land



(1) J. F. E. Brake (secretary), G. H. Greaves (president), E. G. Wood (hon. secretary). (2) M. R. Cartwright, W. H. Abbott (winner of Patterson Cup), C. O. Whitfield (committee member) and E. R. Jones. (3) W. B. Bagshaw (committee member), D. H. Hiorns and Capt. B. K. Parsons. (4) T. S. Crisford, R. T. F. Hedley, R. H. Burrow. (5) H. T. Jowett, A. P. Norton and Capt. Oliver Bird. (6) E. H. Kenshole (club lawyer), Lt.-Col. F. M. Chatterley, J. G. Riddell. (7) G. P. Senior, T. P. Wheelock and A. J. H. Smishall. (8) Capt. P. Lane, Owen Thornell and C. M. Bowen. (9) E. C. Edmonds and G. T. Walker. (10) W. J. Martin (professional) and Geoffrey Prosser



The HILLMAN MINX MAGNIFICENT

The most successful light car ever introduced to the motoring public.

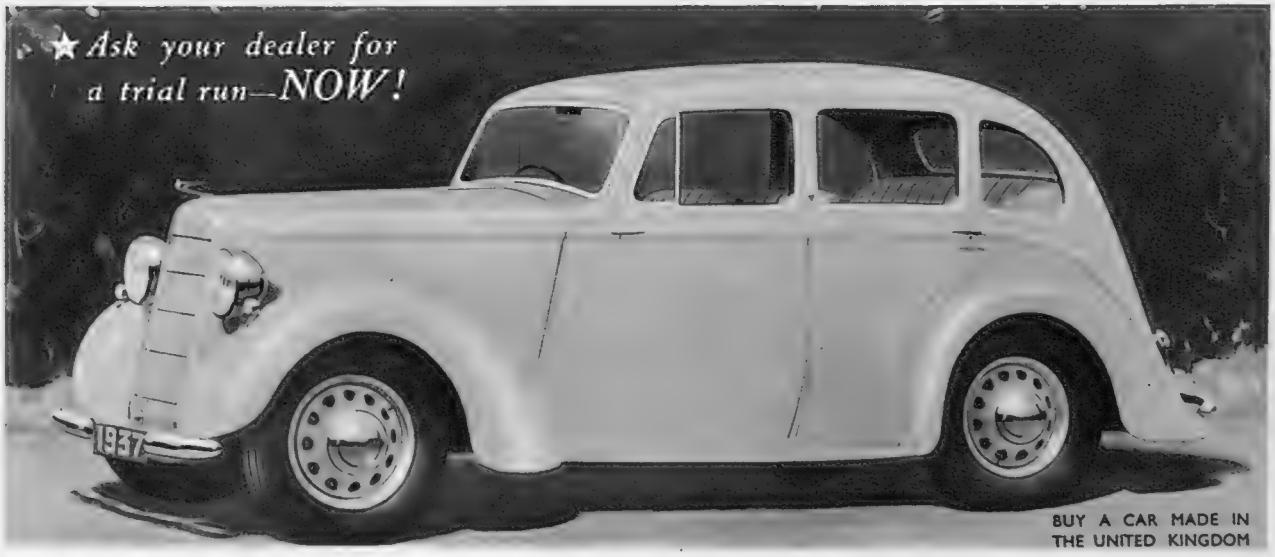
BIG CAR APPEARANCE

BIG CAR ROOMINESS

BIG CAR COMFORT

BIG CAR SAFETY

Reliability and performance tested and proved in every detail



SAFETY SALOON
TRIPLEX GLASS THROUGHOUT

£163

(Tax £7.10 0.)

Five attractive body styles offering greater value than ever before.

Fill in this coupon for new descriptive folder of the Minx Magnificent.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp, to Dept. F, The Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., Coventry

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Dept.*, ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

BACKED BY WORLD-WIDE SERVICE — HILLMAN DEALERS ARE EVERYWHERE

C.F.H.177

Swiss Frontier Smuggling

By C. E. W. Mackintosh

In England we think of a smuggler as an adventurous seafarer who weathers stormy seas on the darkest nights to evade the coastguards. In Switzerland the case is not the same: smuggling over the mountainous and ice-bound Alps is equally dangerous and breeds a bold and daring type of man whose counterpart we recognise in the mountain guide.

Just such a man is Paul Guler, whose stories of frontier exploits add romance to adventure. Encouraged by stories of the thieving of fat cattle by the Scottish clans invading Northumbria and driving their illicit gains back to their moorland fastnesses, Paul Guler was persuaded to relate some smuggling tales of the Silvretta Valley, in which his family has lived for centuries.

The Gulers' home is in the peaceful village of Klosters. It lies in the Parsenn ski-ing country and is the last village before the forbidding Silvretta Glacier is crossed to reach the Austrian Tyrol. Traditionally famous as mountaineers and guides, if ever danger or disaster threatened the valley, the Gulers were called upon to help. For six hundred years there has been no war in Switzerland, largely because the nature of the country makes it impracticable as a battleground. The inhabitants of the higher valleys have consequently never submitted to changing laws and rules of different Governments and have always been a law unto themselves. To them the Customs frontier meant very little; their Austrian neighbours—guides and mountaineers like themselves—were their personal friends, and this tie was much stronger than any regulations which Governments on the distant plains tried to impose upon them.

Without the assistance of these mountain folk, no law could be enforced, and a small but regular contraband trade was carried on between Klosters and the Austrian villages of Pattenen and Wirl, over the 10,000-foot Silvretta Pass, for many generations. Improved communications of modern times have, however, put a stop to this illicit trade, and the demand for first-class guides by English and German climbers brought with it a profitable alternative.

In 1914, however, the war again changed this state of affairs, and Klosters village could not be deaf to the appeals for food from their Austrian comrades across the glacier. Nor were the Gulers deaf to these appeals: as the poet has expressed it—

Though changed are the gods of hunt and dance
And changed the frontier rules . . .

and Paul Guler said with conviction that no law could force him to turn a deaf ear to the call for help from the women and children of Wirl, who were the dependants of a mountain comrade. He knew, without being told, the difference between right and wrong.

So the adventure started anew, and soon coffee, saccharine and tobacco were added to the list of exports; that was human nature expressing itself.

On one occasion a younger member of the Guler family was caught by two frontier guards, but a storm came up and they had to rely on him to lead the way through the dangerous crevasses of the Silvretta Glacier. Young Guler led them safely to the big snow shoulder and, pointing out to them the way to safety, sat on the seat of his pants and slid out of sight two thousand feet below. The spot is still pointed out to climbers.

The guards followed by a safer route, but his village friends hid him, and it was not for some months that he was finally caught and convicted at Chur to imprisonment, with an alternative of a fine of 5000 francs. Five thousand francs was out of the question and Guler went to prison, but before he had been there for three hours the peasants throughout the district had rallied with their contributions, so that the fine was paid and Guler returned to his home more like a conquering hero than an infringer of the law.

Even to-day adventures are not dead. Paul Guler, stalking a chamois, shot it down over the Austrian frontier. It crashed from its rocky perch down on to the glacier below. The frontier guards, whose eye had been attracted by the sudden appearance of a black speck on the ice, said to themselves: "This chamois must be Austrian and therefore ours; we will sup off Gemsebraten to-night." But as they approached their booty small particles of ice began to shoot up near the chamois, and these shot up closer and closer to them until they decided that, unless they were to run the risk of a rifle bullet, they must get back to the cover of the rocks below.

Meanwhile Guler had climbed round behind them and, to quote his words as he took them by surprise, "What you steal my chamois for?" he said. They hastened to explain that they did not know it was Guler's and would gladly assist him to carry home his bag. Accordingly, three men were later seated in a Stübli enjoying Bündnerfleisch and Veltliner (smoked ham and local red wine).

Paul Guler to-day is a keen and famous guide, known to every ski-runner on the Parsenn. His great strength has stood him in good stead on more than one occasion; as this photograph, taken after he had fallen ninety feet into a crevasse on the glacier, shows, he emerged apparently none the worse for the six hours he had been forced to spend in three feet of freezing water before he could be rescued.

On one occasion, a Frenchwoman who had fallen on a steep slope just above Klosters was wailing in a shrill tone that she had broken her leg. Paul Guler came up, satisfied himself from her healthy flush and her imperfect acting that she was in no way injured, and prodded her with his ski, telling her to proceed without further noise. She complied with such alacrity as to justify the shrewd judgment of his mountain eyes.

Guler is among the famous Swiss guides who are in London at present, and from whose quiet and shy manner no one could guess their great achievements.

Glatthard of the Scheidegg is also here—one of the three famous guides who risked their lives a short while ago in an attempt to save the only survivor of a party of Germans who had perished in trying to scale the north face of the Eiger, as he dangled, frost-bitten and dying, in a blizzard.

The spirit of these men cannot be given to you: it is a quality which is gained from contact with the personality of the mountains: the longer you are in the mountains the better you understand them and the more you want their company—

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Paul Guler — Mountaineer, Hunter, Guide, Smuggler

Guler, the hero of this article, emerges unscathed in both body and good humour after a 90-ft. fall into a crevasse. "If ever danger or disaster threatened the (Silvretta) valley, the Gulers were called upon." His family has lived there for centuries

Orchis
by YARDLEY

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN

Orchis has the stirring, exciting glamour of life in a rich setting . . . . music and dancing, bright lights, exotic flowers . . . . and under its spell your personality takes on a new, more vivid note. *45/- to 2/6*

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

W.A.S.A. Meeting: also Mr. Darwin

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

DOESN'T one often read that motoring will, in due course of centuries, deprive us of the use of our legs, and more constantly still that we are growing an effete, comfort-loving race? It did not seem that either depressing thought was particularly true at Wentworth the other day, when no less than sixty-six brave spirits started in the open meeting of the Women's Automobile Sports Association, organised by *Fairway and Hazard*. The day was villainous, pouring wet, not altogether free from wind and with every blade of grass dripping, some bunkers full of water, some greens decorated by standing pools or running streams (or both) of casual water. It might have deterred anybody. Yet only a handful turned back.

IT was only reasonable that Miss Diana Fishwick should win the scratch prize, for after all she is a Wentworth member and resident, adorning the challenge trophy board thereof with a 73, which equals par. Such a score was out of the question on this particular day, and there was not really very much wrong with the 82 returned by her and also by Miss Clayton East, of Stoke Poges and Temple. It was good fun watching Miss Fishwick, weather notwithstanding, for she was not only hitting the ball delightfully crisply, but also playing what I insist on calling judgmatic golf. The dictionaries may not admit the word, nor even a *Times* crossword, but it exactly describes what I mean. Risks were weighed before the shot was played, there was no dashing along wildly without regard for the pools to be encountered, or the possibilities of recovery from trouble if it were found; and yet, when a bit of dashing gallantry was justifiable, away went Miss Fishwick, and brought it off. Apart from putting extravagances, due to the casual water whence no rule on earth could extract you, Miss Fishwick only had two disasters—these cost her an 8 and a 7, and she finished in the entirely grand manner with 4, 3, 4. It was the homeward half that decided the tie, so she had good reason to be thankful for those figures, Miss Clayton East having flinched just where Miss Fishwick rose to the occasion. After all, the last few holes of a good card are always the hardest to play, and Miss Clayton East only did what so many others have done before her, and will do again.

The Hon. Mrs. Lomax was in splendid form, and blessed by a late starting time, which gave her, like Miss Clayton East, the best of a bad lot in the weather. Her 88—16=72 was grand going, and worthy winner of the silver division handicap prize, the bronze going to Mrs. Watson, of West Sussex, with 102—22=80. All this was over the East course. The short Centre course was the scene of the nine-hole foursomes, which were won with a brilliant 3 up from Mrs. Poulson and Miss Lane, of Sonning and Henley respectively.

A very pleasant day, in spite of the weather.

Miss B. D. Perkin and Mrs. H. L. Rink

Mrs. John Gage and Miss N. Gibbons

Miss D. Fishwick and Mrs. Brindle

Diana Fishwick won the scratch prize at the W.A.S.A. and "Fairway and Hazard" meeting at Wentworth after a tie with Miss Clayton East with a score of 82. Players' clothes indicate the kind of weather the day was blessed with

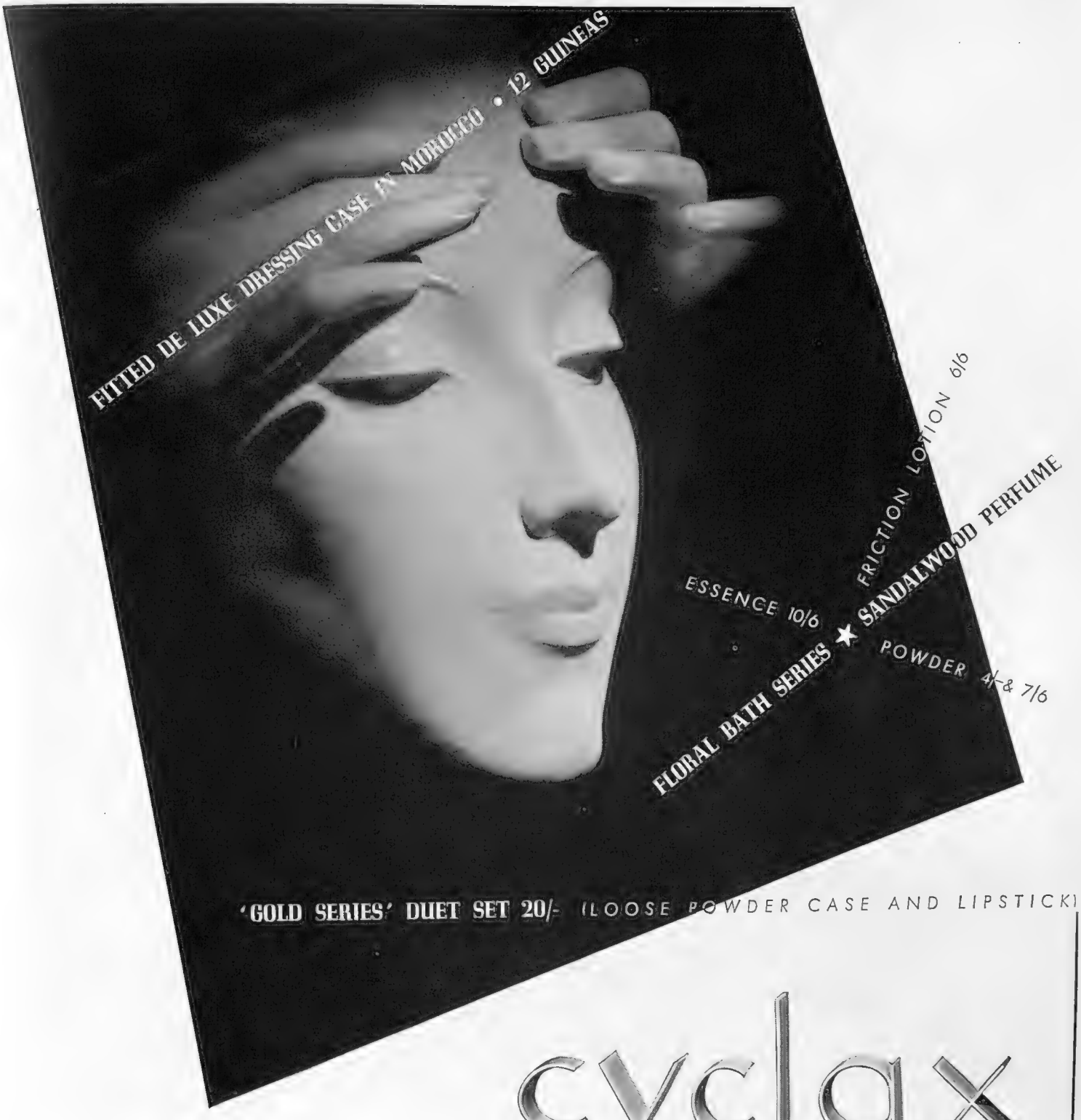
ALL the same, it felt more suitable to the time of year to be listening to Mr. Bernard Darwin's talk on "Writing About Golf," the next day, than to be oneself plodding round in the wet wondering what should be written. The talk was at the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition at Dorland Hall, and Mr. Darwin was in his very best form, all to match his nice new Old Etonian tie. What else could he be, when the Chairman had introduced him as "the one man who could make golf interesting to non-golfers," for by the look of the audience, most of them answered to that description. There were exceptions: Miss Enid Wilson had slipped in from Lillywhite's; Mrs. T. A. Torrance was there; so was Miss Munn, of Autumn Foursomes fame, and amongst the men, that Mr. Jones who once holed the last five holes of Addington Palace (before the hole order was altered) in 5, 4, 3, 2—an astonishing diminuendo which may very well never be beaten anywhere.

The non-golfers and the golfers too all rocked with laughter at suitable intervals, but it was in the hearts of his fellow golf writers that Mr. Darwin must surely have awoken the most sympathetic response; remembering the weather of the two last days' reporting which had been my lot, how could I do otherwise than agree with the statement that the golf reporter's job was a much harder one than that of the cricket expert dozing in the pavilion through an interminable, sticky innings. Thinking of it afterwards, though, I know very well that I would not swop with any other ball-game writer. Imagine the monotony of a game within the limits of any ground, or court? What should I do without the varying scenery, the sky, the trees, the birds, the flowers, to cheer up the reports on a day when nobody has played any golf worth describing? But then I am sure Mr. Darwin thinks the same, and was only being cynical because he was going to say that cynicism was the inevitable product of trying to write books about golf. Let me think: what advice did he give on which I might profitably act at this moment. Where are my notes? "If you want to write a successful book about golf, give some tips on it, so that the man who buys it can win a half-crown or two, and so feel himself all square with the publisher who has induced him to part with them for the book. And the safest of all tips are concerned with putting. There is no putting tip which will not work wonders for at least one round."

Of course he, or she, who gives tips in an article, unless an accredited journalist, may be indicted as infringing amateur status: Mr. Darwin was careful to remind us of these dangers. But let us hope I am an a.j., and may therefore offer a tip, if I have one. Have I? Once upon a time my page used to have a regular Tip for the Week; would anybody like it resumed? Not I; but just this once here is the one which I really do believe to be half the secret of putting. It is: "Accelerate through the ball."

Watch the varying speed through the stroke of a good and a bad putter, and you will understand the meaning right enough.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.



cyclax

Here is a Christmas list of things *all* women love which starts at one-and-sixpence. Toilet Oatmeal, sweetly scented, charmingly boxed, 1/6, 3/ . . "Gold Series" Hand-bag Accessories . . Compact rouge 5/6 . . Cream rouge 4/6 . . Eye-lid Cream 4/6 . . Lipstick 4/6 . . Filled Week-end Case (leather) 22/6 . . Filled Lizard-grained Coffret 24/- . and finally the ivory and green de luxe Powder Box generously filled 14/6!

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST · LONDON W·1 • 7 EAST 23rd STREET · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golf in Japan

ABOUT a fortnight ago, I had a day's golf with R. Akahoshi, of Tokyo, just before his departure for Japan. Akahoshi has been in this country since the end of August, visiting many of the famous courses in Scotland and England. During his visit over here he has played, amongst other places, at Carnoustie, St. Andrews, Muirfield, Hoylake, and on the links of the Formby Golf Club at Freshfield. Akahoshi has designed several courses in Japan and Manchuria, consequently the chief object of his visit was rather to see golf courses, and make plans of holes which took his fancy than to play golf. The best courses Akahoshi has designed in Japan are at Sagami and Fujijya, and both these courses are sufficiently long and testing for championship play.

GOLF is making tremendous strides in Japan, and is yearly becoming more popular. About ten years ago, there were only three courses in Japan, and the number of golfers about 300. At the present time there are nearly a hundred golf courses in the country, and sixteen of these are good enough and long enough for first-class championship play.

In the winter of 1930-1931, Captain C. H. Alison visited Japan to design three new courses; while he was there, he was consulted concerning the alterations and remodelling of twelve others. Captain Alison designed the new course at Le Touquet, and was secretary of Stoke Poges shortly before the War, but he is chiefly famous for having, when representing Oxford *v.* Cambridge, played off the roof of the club house at Woking, to halve the last hole in 5. At that time the University match was decided by holes and not by matches, consequently, as the match was very close, it was important for Captain Alison to save a hole for his side.

The two best courses at the present time in Japan were laid out by Captain Alison. They are the course of the Hirono Club at Kobe, and the course of the Tokyo Golf Club. Both these courses are situated in delightful surroundings, from which views of mountains, the peaks of which are covered with snow nearly all the year round, can be seen.

Walton Heath's New Secretary

Captain H. C. C. Tippett is at present secretary of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, has been elected into the Walton Heath secretaryship, and will take over next New Year's Day

Middlesex Alliance Players

"It is the lie that sinketh in that doth the hurt," said Francis Bacon, in a different context. W. J. Brown (Enfield: centre) found his ball lying sunk between the slats of a bridgelet at the Middlesex Alliance 27-hole greensome competition at Enfield (won by A. F. Cook and D. G. Piggott). Partner J. Rooke (right) raised his hand in despair

AKAHOSHI is an extremely good player, and has been very fortunate with the weather, as he tells me that since the end of August he has only played in the rain twice. He plays off a handicap of 2 in Japan, which corresponds to scratch in England, as in Japan golfers are handicapped against a strict par score, and not against several esses. There are two players in Japan better than Akahoshi, namely, his brother and Nabeshima, who are both handicapped at 1.

I was interested to hear from Akahoshi that he and many of the leading players in Japan prefer to play with clubs with hickory shafts, but, unfortunately, in his own country steel shafts are practically essential, as hickory shafts, owing to the climatic conditions, last a very short time. In a large bag of clubs, Akahoshi has only one club with a hickory shaft. It is an old mashie niblick, with which he plays the majority of his approaches.

Ted Ray, like Akahoshi, has also retained his mashie niblick with a hickory shaft, although most of his other clubs have steel shafts, and as Ted Ray plays the majority of holes with a drive and a mashie niblick, this old favourite must play more shots than any other in his bag, with the exception of his putter.

IT is by no means uncommon in Japan to find a club with one eighteen-hole course having a membership of over 600. All the golfers in Japan, whether they are good or bad players, put in a tremendous amount of time on the practice grounds, and take the game extremely seriously, and I am sorry to say that many of them are so serious that they are also extremely slow golfers.

There are many young promising professionals in the country, aged from about twenty-three to twenty-five. Two Japanese professionals took part in the numerous tournaments during the last winter season in the United States of America, and one of them, Toda, won over 1000 dollars during the season in prize-money, so it appears that already Japan possesses golfers who can hold their own with the best players of other countries. Toda is twenty-three years old, and stands only 5 ft. 2 in. high.

There are also several lady players who look like becoming really good. The best lady player at the present time, would be handicapped at 7 at a good men's club in this country.

In Japan there are stringent laws against gambling, so naturally practically everyone in the country gambles.

MANY difficulties have to be overcome by golf clubs in Japan. Earthquakes are so common that the club houses have to be made with a steel frame-work, and consequently are expensive. The upkeep of an eighteen-hole course, costs about £4000 per annum, which is a colossal sum, especially as labour costs 1s. a day, and "day" is not a misprint for "hour."

It is not possible in Japan to produce the fine grasses which we find on golf courses in the British Isles, and even the grass used for the putting greens is extremely coarse, and consequently the ball has to be hit very hard with the putter. The cost of fertilisers is also very expensive. The game of golf can usually be played the whole year round. Snow is often experienced in winter; for three months in the summer the greens and fairways have to be continually watered. The watering of courses is a most expensive matter, as the clubs have to sink their own wells; the grass is also extremely vulnerable to diseases of the fungus type, and the cause of this may possibly be due to the excessive amount of watering, which cannot be avoided.

AKAHOSHI has also designed some golf courses in Manchuria, but I do not think this is a very desirable country in which to play the game, as it is necessary to have an armed guard round the outskirts of the course and the players find it advisable to carry a revolver in their hip pocket.

THE Armstrong Siddeley ATALANTA

A modern car, with brilliant performance and stylish coachwork finished in the most luxurious manner. Its extremely rapid acceleration is something exceptional; it is a delightful car to drive with excellent visibility and very light controls. It makes a special appeal by reason of its proved reliability and offers unequalled value among British luxury cars. Price £625 (ex Works).

The Atalanta is also available on the 17-h.p. chassis at £525.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON: 10 OLD BOND ST., W.1. . MANCHESTER: 35 KING ST. WEST

Arrange a trial—anywhere—it will thrill you. Please write for Catalogue "BS" Agents in all principal centres

AS288 A

Give an ANGLEPOISE Mirror

Why let the what-to-give-this-year problem worry you . . . give a Terry ANGLEPOISE MIRROR and keep your conscience clear.

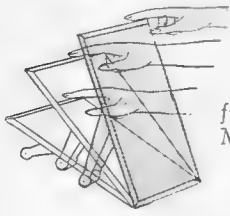
The Shaving Model

An amazing mirror. The lightest touch tips it just as far forward or back as needed. Every possible angle of reflection secured, every subtle shade of the toilette disclosed . . . how eyebrows should look to be their archest .. if just the teeniest, weeniest more lipstick is needed.

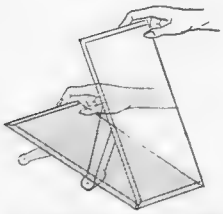
Heavy plate glass, framed in a choice of eight colours. Two sizes : 2′ 6″ × 1′ 6″ @ 35/-, and 10″ × 7″ @ 17/6.

The Circular Shaving Model (magnifying) is for those poor men who struggle with so-called shaving mirrors. Wonderfully helpful to the ladies in the gentle art of eyebrow plucking and shaping, 17/6.

A TOUCH AND BACK IT GOES



At all principal Stores, Jewellers, Hairdressers, etc., or post free from Sole Manufacturers.



A TOUCH AND UP IT COMES

Sole Makers :—

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD. (Dept. BY) REDDITCH

THE REFLECTION OF YOUR TASTE

November Weddings

Mr. John Mallock and Miss Shackle

John Raclyn Charles Mallock, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, second son of the late Major C. H. Mallock and Mrs. Mallock-Bogle, of 4, Queen's Gate Place, S.W., and Patricia Emily Shackle, daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. A. Shackle, of Souldern Court, Bicester, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mr. Lindsay-Hogg and Miss Fitzgerald

Edward Lindsay-Hogg, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hogg, brother of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Bt., married Geraldine Fitzgerald at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the actress daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fitzgerald, of Greystones, Co. Wicklow

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

THE HOSPITAL OF THE FUTURE

Westminster Hospital is being entirely rebuilt upon a site in Westminster at a cost of £850,000.

Only **£250,000** remains to be found.

Westminster Hospital is removing to a site where **space, light** and **quiet** can be obtained.

Special features which will be included are—

1 **Noise Proof Construction.**
2 Precautions against attack by air in time of War.
3 **No waiting** for out-patients.
4 Separate **Surgeries** for minor and severe casualties.
5 **A covered roadway** through the heart of the main Hospital giving ready access to all departments.
6 **A new Ward system** bringing treatment of male and female cases under unified medical and nursing control.

NO NOISE — NO WAITING

7 Small Eleven-Bed Wards with still smaller wards for isolation cases.
8 Sitting-rooms and bed if required for **anxious friends** in critical cases on each ward floor.
9 A new catering system for feeding 900 a day and special facilities in the Nurses' Home for their recreation and greater comfort.

More details will be found in our illustrated brochure "The Shape of Things to Come."

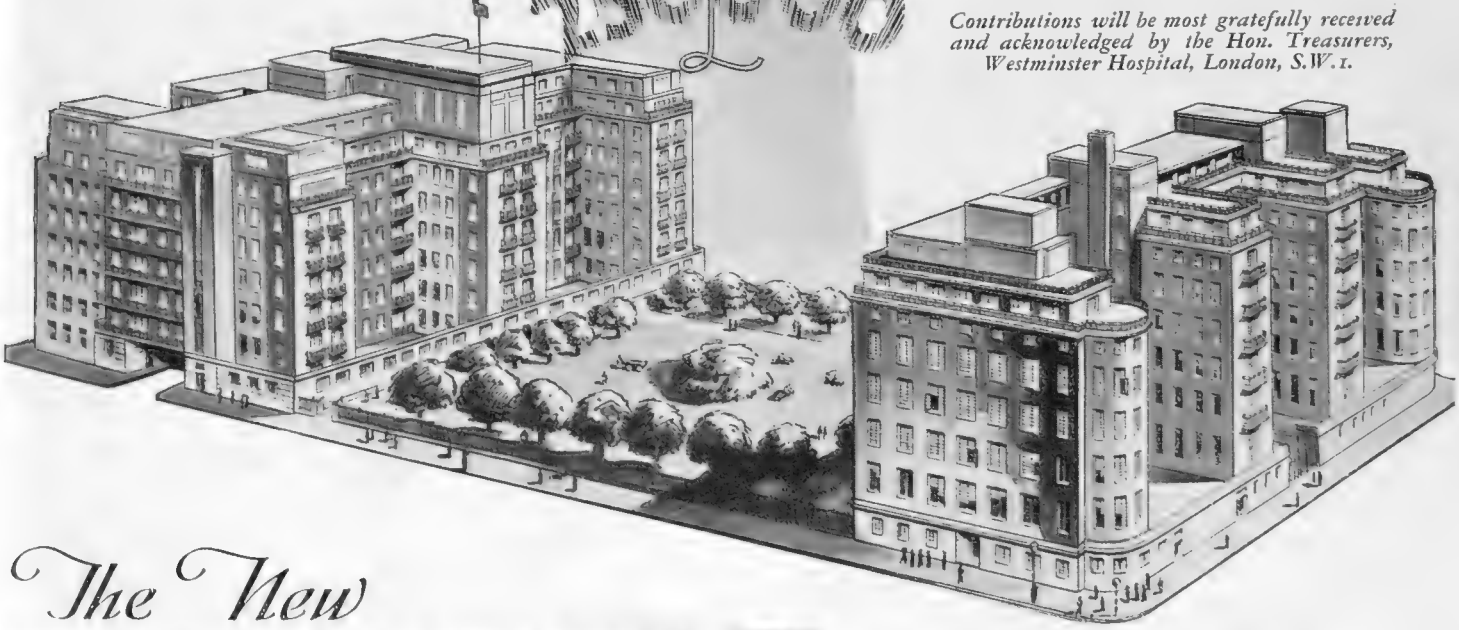
A FINAL APPEAL

The rebuilding programme of Westminster Hospital was launched with the approval and good wishes of our then President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

It is our earnest hope that His Majesty The King, Our Royal Patron, will see the success of the scheme assured in his Coronation Year. To this end will you give us your help, generously and at once?

£250,000

Contributions will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurers, Westminster Hospital, London, S.W.1.



The New WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL

Patrons: H.M. The King, H.M. Queen Mary, H.R.H. Princess Louise,
President: Col. The Right Hon. Lord Wigram, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.
Treasurers: W. M. Goodenough, Esq., D.L., J.P.; H. P. R. Hoare, Esq.
Chairman: Bernard D. F. Docker, Esq., J.P.
Vice-Chairman: Lieut.-Col. H. C. Bulkeley, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Faster Air Travel in 1937

By Charles Ward

Mr. Handley Page with Captain "Jim" Cordes, test pilot. The first of the new bombers from the Radlett factory has been christened "Harrow" by the Mayoress of that town

At the Paris Show

ALTHOUGH the Paris Show is mostly devoted to machinery designed for reducing the population with bombs and bullets, there were a few civil aircraft worth noting. The Farman 224 is to operate on the Air France main line between London, Paris and Marseilles. It is a forty-seater monoplane, quite unlike our own new liners in appearance but very comfortably finished inside. Flying-boats are getting too large for indoor exhibitions, so our impressions must be gained from models. The French types don't appear to have the lines of the Short Empire boat but, after much experience across the South Atlantic, they should do their job equally well. Next to the star of the Show—the Bristol Blenheim bomber that is faster by many miles than any other machine of its type in the world—there is a mailplane by Amiot. The two are rather alike, though the latter has a much smaller body, mails being more easily packed than bombs, and requiring a smaller crew to look after them. Caudron is well represented, including the Goeland bought by Mrs. Amy Mollison. This is a twin low wing monoplane for six to eight people and is said to fly at 190 miles an hour on 440 horse-power. The low-flying movement, or Aviation Populaire, is seen in the gallery and at odd places all over the salon. M. Mignet has three "Fleas" on view—the two-seater flown at Ramsgate in the summer, an extremely small H.M. 16, and another that has been called the "intercepter." Airspeeds of Portsmouth are to provide the twin-engined trainers for the R.A.F., which are similar in most respects to the "Envoy." The special feature of the retractable undercarriage, which was incidentally the first to be built successfully in England, is that the wheels do not quite disappear. On several occasions this has been used to good effect when the pilot has forgotten to let down his wheels, the only damage done being quite superficial.

Flying First Class

As the most expensive form of public transport, reckoned in terms of cash for the distance covered, it is natural that passengers have demanded comfort as well as speed from the airways. Converted bombers gave place to aircraft adapted for seats and these, in turn, have been displaced by others in which the traveller has been given a pew more in keeping with the price he has been asked to pay for speed. Very gradually, the man who pays finds that he is being studied, not so much for his own benefit, but to attract others of his kind to do likewise. We notice this tendency on the railways, at sea, in the buses, in taxi-cabs and, finally, in aeroplanes. Designers and operators alike are catering to attract those who don't fly rather than those who like it, or others who must fly to save time. The new liners from Armstrong-Whitworth

(Concluded on page x)

Lou Holtz

AND THE ALL-STAR REVUE

begin a short season in the Restaurant
at Grosvenor House

on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3rd

THE CAST INCLUDES:—

MAURICE & CORDOBA
The famous dancers from New York's Rainbow Room

JACKIE HELLER
"America's Dynamic Singer of Songs"

FELIX THE HORSE
in "Comedy Capers"

MARION & IRMA
in "A Symphony of Motion"

The Grosvenor House Band
under the direction of Sydney Lipton

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE, W.1

TELEPHONE: GROSVENOR 6363

This is one of a series of attractive photographs now being used by Wolseley Motors Ltd., to illustrate the new Wolseley Sportsman's Saloon.

Heston, London's second civil airport, which has been planned and built by private enterprise. Government aid will be needed to secure extensions and save its surroundings from the builder

Faster Air Travel in 1937

(Continued from page viii)

are due on the European routes of Imperial Airways next summer. Forty-two passengers will be carried, in addition to a crew of six—two pilots, a wireless operator, and three stewards. Top speed will be in that delectable region around 200 miles an hour, which means a good cruising average, wind in, wind out, of 160. The interior will be divided into four saloons, with a smoker for'ard on the same lines as the flying-boats now in commission. For service further afield, there will be room for twenty beds and a load of Empire mails. I was at Hamble last week, at the invitation of Imperial Airways and A.S.T., to observe how they train land-lubbers to take charge of flying-boats. It was a most impressive demonstration, seamanship in both practical and theoretical subjects taking first place, of course, as the piloting and navigation of a flying-boat is exactly the same as that of a land-plane. During October, A.S.T. flew nearly 1500 hours. It is the largest and best equipped civil training establishment in the world. Last month, visitors anxious to learn included the Minister of Education in New South Wales, the Vice-President of the Penang Aero Club, Mr. Ishida, a civil engineer on the Japanese Railways, and Sq.-Ldr. Sherger, of the R.A.A.F., interested in the method of conducting instrument flying on large aircraft.

First Aid from the Air

THE development of the air ambulance has taken place mostly in Australia, Canada and those countries of vast distances between hospitals and their patients, but the accommodation has been mostly a well-sprung stretcher in the cabin. Last year, the British Red Cross collaborated with General Aircraft of Hanworth to produce an up-to-date unit, complete with blood-transfusion apparatus and oxygen tent. A similar machine has just been ordered by the Roumanian Government. It is an S.T.25, also identical with that owned by Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who is Inspector-General of his country's Air Force. Another interesting Monospar sale is that of an S.T.25 to the Turkish Air League, for the avowed purpose of teaching the masses to jump by parachute. This is a sport much practised in Russia, a country containing much flat country to jump on.

By Appointment

SWAINE and ADENEY LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1750

No. 6809—**Pigskin Limp Toilet Case,** lined oilskin, loops for tooth brush, razor, etc., pocket for hair brushes £1 . 1 . 0

No. 6812—**Pigskin Stud Boxes** lined suedette, loose pad. Divisions for rings, pins, etc. Three sizes. 7/6, 10/6, 12/6

No. 6709—**Cartridge Bag,** pigskin lined waterproof canvas. To hold 50 cartridges £2 2 0
Ditto to hold 100 ,, £2 15 0

Complete Illustrated Catalogue on application.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Telephone : REGENT 4277 (2 lines). Telegrams : "SWADENEYNE," Piccy, London

Tattoo your Eyelashes!

New

TATTOO cream MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

At last a *cream* mascara! By TATTOO! Positively smartproof. Completely waterproof. Won't run. No smearing. Easier to apply than cake or liquid mascara. Simply squeeze on the brush . . . whisk . . . your lashes *instantly* are dark, lustrous, silk-soft . . . looking twice their length. No more blobby, blatant look . . . or brittle feeling! Each tiny lash covered smoothly, subtly! At all cosmetic counters, in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity with brush.

Tattoo Ltd.

BLUE
for evening wear
BLACK
for brunettes
BROWN
for blondes

2/6

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., London, W.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 2336

By Appointment

English Perfumes

HONEYSUCKLE SANDALWOOD
ENGLISH VIOLETS ROMAN HYACINTH

Floris, Perfumer
89 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

Including the New Coronation Colours, are now available in Clear, Cream or Pearl.

VAREEN

A pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to my lady's toilet.

Favourite colours of Vareen Nail Polish:

Natural Rose	*Pale Coral*	*Orange Red*	
	Coral	*Rust*	*Lake Red*
Deep Rose	*Blush Pearl*	*Flame*	*Dark Red*

Liquid Nail Polish . 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover or Oily . . . 1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream . . . . 1/- and 1/6
NAIL WHITE PENCIL 1/-
Cuticle Remover 1/-

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snellgrove's, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN, LTD., LONDON, W.11

Dolcis have an unerring eye for new points of interest in sports shoes, and here are three of their latest Sports Models. Dolcis stress the new Russet Suedes, Dark Willow Calf, and Blues.

Write to-day for our Autumn Catalogue of Latest Shoe Fashions.

DOLCIS

OXFORD STREET
Facing Bond Street
Mayfair 5877.

BROMPTON ROAD
Knightsbridge
Kensington 6900.

There are car-parking facilities adjoining

G.S.G.

Cars with a Personality

The New 14-h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan

The new 14-h.p. Vauxhall has been developed from last season's popular "Light Six," and represents still better value at the current price of £220. Below the running-board is seen the fitting for the simplified jacking system

The driving position is thoroughly comfortable, and the long gear-lever controls a four-speed-box. The ignition key also serves to lock the luggage-trunk

In its essentials, the latest 14-h.p. Vauxhall will be recognised as a development of the "Light Six" model which for several years has proved so widely popular. Thus there are certain familiar virtues for which one may look with confidence, in addition to the several features which have been newly incorporated.

The engine, as with all recent Vauxhalls, is of the six-cylinder, overhead-valve type. It is remarkable for its smooth flexibility, giving lively acceleration not only at normal speeds, but also when "picking up" from a mere walking-pace. There is plenty of sheer speed as well, for the top-gear maximum is a good 65 m.p.h.

The top-gear ratio is reasonably high, so that no excessive "revs" are called for. There is a very useful third gear, which, of course, has synchro-mesh

(*Concluded on page* xiv)

OVERHEARD AT THE SHOOT:

"Bit out of place up here don't you think—turning up in a foreign car"

buy a car made in the

UNITED KINGDOM

Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page xii)

The back seat, which has a central arm-rest, is very comfortable, and the doors are of useful width. The quarter-lights hinge to give draughtless ventilation

engagement, in which about 48 m.p.h. can be recorded.

The springing is interesting, with independent suspension for the front wheels. The Vauxhall runs perfectly steadily at speed, and has the advantage that, if one front wheel is driven over an obstacle, the car as a whole is not appreciably tilted. The rear springs are of the normal semi-elliptic type.

The steering is light, and avoids the common failing (at least, it seems to be becoming common) of requiring a great number of turns between one lock and the other. It is good to find that perfectly light action can be secured without having recourse to this expedient. The brakes are highly efficient, and likewise operate with the minimum of effort.

A novel and most valuable chassis feature is that the twin screen-wipers are driven, by means of cable, direct from the engine. This cable is similar to that which drives a speedometer, and should give equal reliability. While screen-wipers are not vital parts of the car, they are highly important for bad-weather driving, and any move to make them more efficient is emphatically to be commended.

The new Touring Saloon has extremely comfortable coach-work, and the amount of interior space is ample. The luggage trunk at the back, in addition to providing accommodation for several suit-cases, is also a decided asset to the car's appearance. The arrangement of windows to give draughtless ventilation is a good feature which is retained.

Fully equipped, this model is available in seven colour schemes; it costs only £220.

The car looks well from the front. The new radiator grille is already familiar, and will doubtless become more so. The twin screen-wipers are driven direct from the engine

THE NILE VOYAGE

The cruise from Cairo to Aswan and back is one of the most memorable that the traveller to Egypt can make

Leaving Cairo in a steamer — the comfort of which can compare with a de luxe hotel — the whole history of ancient Egypt is unfolded as you pass slowly along the waters of the Nile.

Camels, donkeys, or motor cars are waiting for you at each stopping place. You will be taken to see the alabaster Sphinx of Memphis, and the great Necropolis containing so many relics of Egyptian culture. The step Pyramid of Sakkara, the subterranean tombs of Serapeum, the bustle of native life at Asyut, these are only high-lights in the brilliant panorama of scene and interest which each day unfolds. You will see the Great Temple of Luxor (built by Amenophis III in 1540 B.C.), Karnak, and the valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

The journey will widen your own knowledge, not only of Egyptian history in ancient times, but of modern Egypt and its present-day manners and customs.

There are thirteen sailings of Cooks Nile Steamers between December 9th and March 10th (the weather then is perfect). Fare from £65 — which includes besides your food and accommodation on board, the dragoman (an Egyptian guide fully qualified to explain the marvels you will see and visit) and all excursions.

Please write for Cooks folder entitled "The Nile Voyage."

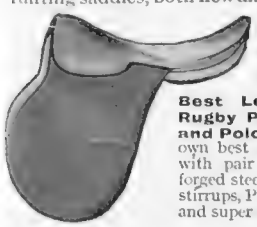
COOKS

THOS. COOK & SON LTD. BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1, AND BRANCHES

G. P. Estab 1851

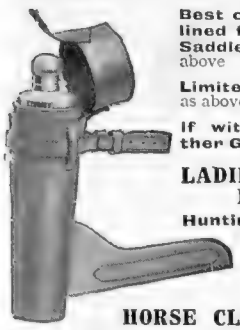
HUNTING & POLO SADDLES, WHIPS, FLASKS and all STABLE REQUIREMENTS

Established over 80 years, we are specialists in high-class Hunting and Polo Equipment. Patrons find all their requirements amongst our lists. Visit our premises and inspect the largest stock of London-made Polo and Hunting saddles, both new and second-hand



HUNTING and POLO SADDLES

Best Leather lined Rugby Panel Hunting and Polo Saddles, (our own best make), complete with pair of super hand-forged steel or super-nickel stirrups, Pair super leathers and super woollen girths **£11 11 0**



Best ordinary Sergelined full Panel ditto Saddle, complete as above **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto as above **£8 8 0**

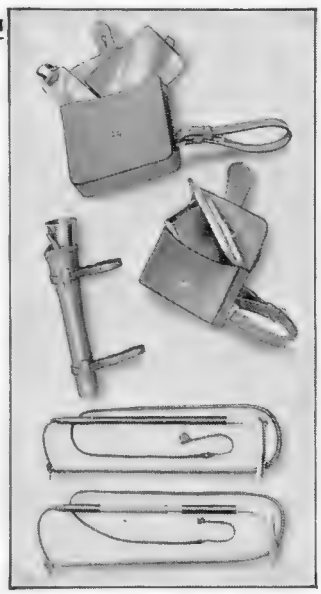
If with Folded Leather Girths 10/6 extra

LADIES' & GENT'S FLASKS

Hunting Flasks containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **35/-**

HORSE CLOTHING

We are specialists in Summer and Winter Clothing and our Sheets, Rugs, Blankets, etc., are of Super quality at moderate prices.



Description of Goods Illustrated above:

Hunting Canteen, 5¾in. × 5½in. × 1⅞in containing Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid and Hunting Flask, E.P. bayonet top **60/-**

Sandwich Box, in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid in leather case 5½in. × 3½in. × 1in. deep, complete **30/-**

Copper Hunting Horns, each **15/-** and **12/6**

Leather Case for same, **18/6** and **22/6**

Hunting Whips, plaited leather silver mount with thong **25/-**

Ditto with E.P. mount **21/-**

Let us quote you for all your stable requirements.

GEO. PARKER & SONS (SADDLERS) LIMITED

Only Address: 12, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 1164. Telegrams: "Cavesson, Lesquare, London."

SWITZERLAND

£ now worth 40% more

yet
- no increase in railway fares
- no increase in hotel prices, etc.
- quality unimpaired
- no formalities with money

Best Value in Winter Sports

Photo: Ed Baalard. VAUDOIS ALPS

BERNESE OBERLAND— 14 snow-sure centres to choose from. Superb ski-ing with sports railways and funiculars. **VALAIS ALPS**—9 centres including Zermatt, Montana/Crans and Leukerbad. **VAUDOIS ALPS & JURA** — Villars, Diablerets, Caux, St. Croix-Les Rasses. **ZURICH** — direct air line LONDON-ZURICH in 3½ hrs.

GRISONS/ENGADINE—Switzerland's premier and largest Winter Sports playground. The Grisons encompasses more than 100 sunny and snow-sure Alpine Valleys, including the Engadine. World famed AROSA, 6,000 ft., DAVOS, 5,170 ft., KLOSTERS, 3,970 ft., LENZER-HEIDE, 4,860 ft., PONTRESINA, 5,920 ft. and ST. MORITZ, 6,090 ft., and more than 70 smaller places cater for every pocket. Swiss Ski Schools. International Contests in all Winter Sports. Cheap Season Tickets on mountain railways and funiculars. Excellent rail and air services.

AROSA—The sunniest Winter Sports centre in Switzerland, 6,000 ft., and what snow!

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive Literature from any Travel Bureau or from the Swiss Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. 'phone: Whitehall 9851.

The Prince Proposes *(Continued from page 338)*

looking very sheepish under the glare of the arc lights.

It seemed like hours before Miss Duval condescended to reveal herself to her excited public. A concerted rush was made towards her. A large bouquet of red roses seemed to materialise from nowhere, and was pushed into her hand. Autograph books were thrust under her nose. Buttons were wrenched from her travelling coat. Even Mr. Howard P. Alexander felt that the welcome was being overdone.

"Give her a break," he pleaded. "Give her a break."

It was then that a tall, dark, and elegant young man stepped forward, and with great presence of mind elbowed the fans out of the way. With great aplomb, the Prince conducted Miss Duval to the film magnate's luxurious motor-car.

"Allow me," he murmured, handing her into the limousine.

THE friendship between the Prince and the film star prospered; so much so, in fact, that on the last night of her visit he decided to propose. He had been a member of her party at the opera, and all of them had gone on afterwards to a ducal ball.

Now that film stars have learned to speak the King's English, or, to be more precise, the President's American, they are received in the most exclusive houses, and are treated with the homage once accorded to visiting royalty.

Miss Duval had not enjoyed herself at the party. She never enjoyed herself at parties because she was under the constant supervision of her masseuse, who allowed her nothing more fattening than half a glass of champagne and a single caviare sandwich.

She sighed with relief as she reached the privacy of her suite. "Say, there were some swell guys at that show, but I'm real glad to get back!"

The Prince turned towards her. Beneath the make-up she was looking tired and wan. Her matchless eyes lacked their usual lustre. Not for the first time the Prince found himself regretting the rapidity with which her looks had gone off since he had met her in Hollywood.

The change was not only physical. Mentally, too, she seemed to have lost a certain originality and sparkle. But he attributed it to the nerve-racking glare of publicity which beat perpetually upon her.

"What you want!" he said, "is someone to look after you, someone to shield you from the world."

"Yeah," she said. "Maybe I do."

With supreme tact—the Prince had a genius for timing that would have served him well on the stage had he possessed any aptitude for hard work—he took her hand.

"Let me take care of you," he whispered. "No artist can be expected to think of anything but her art, whereas I can cope with anything and anybody." She looked away, but her fingers remained in his. "I've nothing to offer," he went on, with well-feigned emotion, "beyond an honourable name and an overwhelming love for you; but I think, Aurora, I might make you happy." He broke off. Still she remained silent. He took the plunge. "Aurora, darling, will you marry me?"

Whereupon she raised her eyes. "Sure," she whispered. Some seconds elapsed before she qualified the remark. "That's if you love me as I love you—for myself alone."

His expression was pained. "Love you? I adore you!"

She frowned. "Say, you do love me, don't you, and not—and not"—she waved an expressive hand—"and not all this boloney?"

The blue blood of the Klemenovskys mounted to the Prince's cheeks in a crimson stain.

"As though," he declared indignantly, "I could ever think of anything but you!"

"Well," she said, "being a film star makes a girl suspicious."

His manner was very haughty as he moved away.

"I hope you don't put me on the level of the common adventurer," he muttered.

His acting was so convincing that the last of her doubts was swept away.

"Nix, honey, I think you're swell. Sit down."

He accepted the invitation, but his manner was still distant.

"I apologise——" he began.

"That's O.K.", she whispered, nestling up to him, "I sure fell for you on the station. But I was afraid. . . . I'm not Aurora Duval at all. I'm her double—her 'stand-in.' She's having a nervous breakdown. So I came over from Paris in place of her. . . . Say, Nick, when are we getting married?"

THE END

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

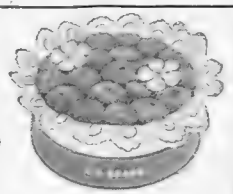
NOVEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

FESTIVITY PLUMS



A. G. BRAND ELVAS

Recognised as the world's most delicious sweetmeat, A. G. Brand Elvas Plums will delight both gourmet and dietist. They are better than sweets—an aid to digestion and not fattening. Stocked by all high-class grocers and stores. Order them by Brand name.

Insist on— **A. G. BRAND ELVAS PLUMS** They are the best

JEWELS THAT ARE IRRESISTIBLE!
Silver that will Beautify your Home!

LINDEN & CO., LTD., the first Jewellers in New Bond Street, offer you the magnificence of Diamonds and the loveliness of Silver, amongst their beautiful selection of pieces suitable for Gifts. Hundreds of articles at temptingly low prices, and many bargains that can never be repeated.

LINDEN & Co., Ltd., 85, New Bond Street, 'Phone: Mayfair 5825. LONDON, W.1

lio

Prevents broken nails and prolongs the life of nail varnish. Price 2/6 per bot. (including rod for application)

Lio can be obtained from most Chemists, Stores and Beauty Parlours. In case of difficulty write to: LIO, 93, Regent St., LONDON, W.1 Tel.: Regent 4443.

REAL PEARLS
(Cultured)

Always Fashionable — Ever Lovely —

and this Xmas offered at £1.1.0

A gift of Pearls is always in taste—and we are now able to offer REAL Pearls (Cultured)—in the exquisite *natural* colour that only the Pearl Oyster can produce—for as little as a Guinea.

Necklets, over 101 full-size pearls, beautifully graduated; 9-ct. gold clasp, **21/-. Earrings,** Drop or Stud, 9-ct. **21/-** pair. **Brooch or Ring,** 9-ct. **21/-. Man's Tie Pin,** 9-ct. **21/-. Dress Studs,** 9-ct. **10/6** each. Post free.

These are typical values from the Catalogue of SERVEX Jewellery (as purchased by H. M. Queen Mary). We can offer genuine fine jewels at amazing low prices, because we purchase the Pearls and Stones direct, and string or mount them in our own British factory. The saving is yours.

Collection includes Jewel Gifts from **2/6** to **50 gns.** (including a new selection of **Chinese Jade**).

Send P.C. for Catalogue to

Servex JEWELLERY

(Dept. B.R.I.), 162, Dukes Road, London, W.3
'Phone: ACOrn 2047/8.

APPROVAL GUARANTEED—If your Friend is not delighted with her SERVEX Gift, she can exchange it for any other SERVEX Jewel. If you yourself are dissatisfied, your money is refunded willingly.

DEPRIVED—

not of Parents but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES, and neglect, ill-treatment and brutality take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the sufferings of children, and will welcome your help.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2. (President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.)

N·S·P·C·C

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH. LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THE THRILL THAT COMES WITH POSSESSING THE BEST

– IS THE *thrill* OF OWNING AN "R.G.D"

Model 625
25 GNS.

R. G. D. offers critical music lovers new thrills in radio enjoyment and in the reproduction of gramophone records. The thrill of hearing each note—each shade of sound—as clearly as though standing beside the performers. The thrill of listening to broadcasts from all the world's stations without a whisper of distortion or interference.

The range of R. G. D. instruments comprises a table receiver at 25 guineas, a floor console at 30 guineas and four automatic radio gramophones priced from 45 to 120 guineas. Convenient Hire purchase terms are available, if desired. Each model embodies superhet *all-wave circuits* of the most advanced type, giving world-wide reception from 16 to 2,000 metres, with *exceptional fidelity of reproduction.*

Write us for descriptive literature, and inspect R. G. D. instruments at any of the leading radio dealers.

Model 880
80 GNS.

RADIO GRAMOPHONE DEVELOPMENT CO., LTD.,
Globe Works, Newtown Row, Birmingham 6.

London Showrooms: 40, Doughty Street, W.C.1.
Manchester Showrooms: 17, Bridge Street.

Model 1220. 120 GNS.

R·G·D

Radio Receivers and Radio Gramophones

Holdens

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Cecilia Patton

Is the daughter of the Bishop of Killaloe and Mrs. Patton, of Clarisford, Killaloe, Co. Clare, and is engaged to Richard J. Atkey, son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. H. Atkey, of The Croft, Oxshott, Surrey

Bertram Park

Rae Sandiland

Is the younger daughter of Dr. Digby Sandiland, of St. Stephen's Hospital, Chelsea, and the late Mrs. Sandiland. She is engaged to Walter Neville Dru Drury, younger son of Walter Emmerson Drury, of Moorhouse, Westerham, Kent

Kay Vaughan

Lorna Marten

Is the younger daughter of Leslie H. Marten, of Maryon Lodge, Redlington Road, N.W.3, and Tilton, Battle, Sussex, and is engaged to Richard Dale, 4th Hussars, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dale, of Cherry Hill, Malpas, Cheshire

Lenare

Jean Balfour Paul

Is engaged to John Robert Cousens, Durham Light Infantry and Eastern Arab Corps, Sudan Defence Force, son of Col. and Mrs. R. B. Cousens, of 16a, Inverleith Row, Edinburgh. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Balfour Paul, of Peffer Mill House, Craigmillar, Edinburgh

Pearl Freeman

Dorothea Wigley

Is the daughter of Hugh P. Wigley and the late Mrs. Wigley, of Shirley Hall, Cheshire, and West Point, Chester. She is being married in December to G. J. Paddock, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Paddock, of Hartwell Hall, Stone, Staffs.

Bassano

Heather Ray

Is engaged to George P. G. de Worms, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Worms, of Milton Park, Egham, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late Capt. A. D. H. Ray, Worcestershire Regt., and Mrs. Barnett, of Maybridge House, Goring, Sussex

Fayer of Vienna

Rosemary Capel Miers

Is the daughter of the late Captain D. Capel Miers, Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Miers, of 2, Roland Mansions, S.W.10. Her fiancé is E. A. R. de la Poer, elder son of Count de la Poer, of Curteen le Poer, Kilsheelan, Co. Waterford

Douglas

Mary Baird Smith

Is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander and Mrs. Baird Smith, of Wheathampstead Rectory, Hertfordshire. She announced, her engagement last month to John F. C. Miller, of 6, King's Bench Walk, Temple

Lenare

Margaret Camilla Peters

Is marrying Lieut. Charles Stephens, R.N., in December. She is the only child of Capt. A. M. Peters, R.N., and Mrs. Peters, of Harefield, Lympstone, Devon; he is the son of the late Major J. A. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, of Brook Cottage, Upwey, Dorset.

Pearl Freeman

Norah Watson

Is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Watson, of Hetton House, Hetton-le-Hole, Durham. Her engagement was announced to Alexander McLaren Roy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy, of Cairo

Lenare

Emily Eleanor Walker

Is engaged to Jock Pattinson, eldest son of the late J. W. Pattinson, of Threlkeld Leys, Cockermouth, and Mrs. Pattinson, of Bleamire House, Cockermouth, Cumberland. She is the daughter of the late Herbert W. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Lingmell, Seascale, Cumberland

Lenare

Beryl Weatherley

Has announced her engagement to Peter Hoare Hamley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hamley, of 16, Woodland Terrace, Plymouth. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weatherley, of 6, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park

Hall — Heath

William Hall, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hall, of Pixham Firs, Dorking, Surrey, and Noeline Heath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Heath, of 16, Heath Rise, Putney Hill, were married at St. Peter's, Newdigate

Hodder-Williams — Blagden

Paul Hodder-Williams, son of the Dean of Manchester and Mrs. Williams, of The Deanery, Manchester, and Felicity Blagden, second daughter of the Bishop of Peterborough and the late Mrs. Blagden, were married at Peterborough Cathedral

Barclay — de la Voye

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Richard Hedderwick Barclay, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Barclay, of 21, Park Terrace, Glasgow, married Audrey Annette de la Voye, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. de la Voye, of Steep, Hampshire

Asprey — Worthington

The A. R. Asprey, son of the late George Asprey and Mrs. Asprey, of 23, Hereford Square, S.W.7, and Mary Patricia Worthington, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Berners Worthington, and ward of Mr. and Mrs. Budgett, of Kirtlington Park, Oxon., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton St.

Stevenson — Hogarth

At Caputh Parish Church Richard Stevenson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stevenson, of Westfield Park, Brough, East Yorks., married Mary Hogarth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hogarth, of Delvine, Perthshire

Horsbrugh — Beckett-Overy

Walter Horsbrugh, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Horsbrugh and Mrs. Horsbrugh, of Bournemouth, married Sheila Beckett-Overy at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Beckett-Overy, of 19, Lowndes Street, S.W.1

Leigh-Wood — Holroyde

Roger Leigh-Wood, son of Sir James and Lady Leigh-Wood, of 24, Great Cumberland Place, W., and Norah Elizabeth Holroyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holroyde, of Hindhead, Surrey, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Goodbody — Pearson

Kenneth Goodbody, only son of the late M. F. Goodbody and Mrs. Wolseley-Bourne, of 26, Thurloe Square, S.W., and Ines Pearson, daughter of the late John Charles Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, of London and Buenos Aires, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Fellowes — Cudemore

At Caxton Hall Registry Office the Hon. Carol Fellowes, youngest son of the late Lord Ailwyn and Agatha Lady Ailwyn, of 53, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, married Mrs. Caroline Cudemore, daughter of the late Maynard Cowan and Mrs. Cator, of Victoria, British Columbia

"BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A Miniature Zoo in Fairyland

All the inhabitants of a Zoo have been assembled at Liberty's, Regent Street, and find pictorial expression on this page; there are also their custodians, who regard their work as very important. All the little people will revel in them. Furthermore, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this firm make a feature of tea, chutney, and other such delicacies. Over half a century ago it was not easy to obtain these things in London, so in order to oblige their customers they procured them from abroad

An air of repose pervades this corner of the Zoo, which is unusual, considering the animals that have been assembled there. The aid of the niggers and a Red Indian is sought to maintain order

Here are some of the animals in the Fairyland Zoo. The monkeys are amusing and recognisable, but it will need a person gifted with a fertile imagination to know in which category to place the others

Right: There is no doubt about it that children will regard this little man and woman as the keepers of the Zoo, but of course, they could not perform their work satisfactorily without their dog

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

Beauty by Night

The entrancing presents on the right have been created by Coty, 2, New Bond Street. Different perfumes can be presented in the "Autumn Leaf" box, and there is an exotic flask of A Suma in a decorative casket

Below: this lovely silver-fox cape from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is the very essence of luxury and Christmas gaiety. The cleverly-shaded skins are diagonally worked and form a graceful point

Fascinating evening accessories seen above, are suggested as presents by Jay's, of Regent Street. There are bags in black cloqué embroidered with lace, others in embossed gold kid and brilliant ciré satin. The five rows of pearls are skilfully graduated, and feather flowers make the charming spray

Original slippers and unusual stockings to wear with them are to be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The Sultan boudoir slippers on the left, in suède and kid, have a tip-tilted toe, and there are gold evening sandals of plaited kid. Lace mesh of different textures is used for the stockings

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

● "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Beauty in Demand

An attractive present with a pleasing atmosphere of luxury is the gift-case below from Yardley, 33, Old Bond Street. It is of leather lined with satin, and contains powder, perfume and bath crystals. An appropriate perfume is a charmingly personal gift, and here are four Yardley scents from which to choose

New beauty preparations make Christmas more exciting, and there is no more delightful way of presenting them than in a fitted case, such as the one above from Cyclax, 58, South Molton Street. The powder chest beside it costs 14s. 6d., and the perfume is that elusive fragrance, "La Cinquième Nuit"

Natural make-up is fashionable, and the Tangee preparations below are specially designed to enhance the normal beauty of the complexion. Day Cream is an excellent base for powder, while Night Cream both cleanses and nourishes the skin. Either Tangee lipstick or powder would be a practical and welcome present

Delightfully frivolous gifts come from Emile, 24, Conduit Street, who has the green-lacquered vanity-case above for 35s. An evening coiffure should be crowned with this diamond-paste tiara. The "handbag watch" is an original suggestion, with figures in blue enamel and gold, while the perfume bottle is in black and white

Another beauty case is seen on the right, this time from Eleanor Adair, 149, New Bond Street. It costs a guinea and contains all the essential preparations, including a chin-strap. The box of extra fine and delicately perfumed Cactus powder is 8s. 6d., while the Lettuce Leaf Cream in a jar of frosted glass is 6s. 6d.

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

FELICITY and JOYCE

FELICITY WRITES HOME

The School House,
———shire.

Darlings,

Only a few weeks now to the hols, and I don't mind telling you I am jolly well looking forward to them.

I had a letter from Joyce yesterday, and is it quite definite, Darlings, that you are going to take me over to Paris for the Christmas hols? She wants me to let her know and—incidentally, she says she could do with an afternoon frock or two, and would you, Mummy, be a darling and choose them for her?

She was frightfully bucked with the evening frock you sent out to her at half-term. She says it sounds like "sending coals to Newcastle"—sending frocks to Paris, but she really can't get the type of smart little grown-up frock over there unless she buys something that makes her look about 30, and the prices are chronic.

By the way, Darling, you won't forget when you are choosing frocks for Joyce that you have got a poor little daughter at school with very little else but school uniform, and I mustn't let old Joyce down when I go to Paris—in other words, can I have one too!! Don't count too much on the report this term, Daddy, I have a nasty feeling that I have succeeded in doing badly better than I did even last term, and I think the exams are going to be rather grim.

All my love, Darlings.

Felicity

... and these are the frocks that Felicity's mother chose

Felicity's Frocks

FROM ALL THE BEST SHOPS

designed by **mercia** designers of model gowns and sportswear to the exclusive dress houses of the world

MERCIA & CO. (H. & M. SCOTT LTD.), 75-78, WELLS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 7469-73

"BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Gifts for the Children

Left: Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse are painted on this nursery tea set, and they themselves preside at the red and white trolley. These delightful toys are all from Woollands, Knightsbridge, who have a very varied collection

Below: a gift that will delight the whole family is a tin—or, better still, two tins—of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. Their savoury "Cocktail Varieties" are delicious, while for tea there is the sweet "Paris" assortment

Modelling is a fascinating pastime and there is no better material for it than Harbutt's clean, beautifully coloured "Plasticine," which can be obtained practically everywhere. "Dapadart" is really "darts without spikes," and an excellent harmless present for the nursery

Decorations are important for Christmas parties, and this gay cracker basket from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, would look well in the centre of the table. The 4-lb. box of chocolates is 5s., and the sweets 3s. 6d.

Right: more and more fascinating assortments of chocolates and toffees are being produced by Mackintosh's. Their latest success is "Quality Street"; the attractive 5-lb. Party Tin would be a very welcome present

Her First Riding Kit for a Christmas Present

A complete Riding Outfit comprising well cut Covert Jodhpurs, canary or fawn woollen Polo Sweater, Velvet Jockey Cap in black or brown, and smart little crop. Sizes to fit the three-year-old 42/-

4 to 6 years, 45/-
7 to 9 years, 50/-

Brown Jodhpur Boots, well made and perfect fitting. 20/-

Girls' Outfits, Fourth Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1. *'Phone: Regent 1616.*

It takes real hairdressing technique, and much hairdressing art, to create a coiffure like this one of Emile's. But when you go to Emile's you *expect* something out of the ordinary. You have a right to expect it, because the reputation of the house of Emile has been built, not in one generation only, but in three. Since 1854, and during all the time since, Emile's have been patronised by the Society fashion-leaders of every country. Make an appointment with Emile's to-day.

EMILE LTD.

24-25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). 'Grams: "Ondulateur Picc, London."

Woollen Ski Set for the Small Boy

This happy little boy is off for great fun in the snow wearing a warm knitted ski set of jumper, cap, scarf and mitts. We have the set in white/red, red/saxe or red/navy to fit boys of 5 to 9 years. First size 32/6

Rising 2/6 each size of one year.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

• "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

What's Yours?

The case of drinks on the right would certainly make Christmas a really merry festival. Matthew Gloag and Son, of Perth, have packed a bottle of whisky, sherry and port in a special box for 25s.

A good liqueur adds the final enjoyment to dinner, and Bols' Crême de Menthe, pictured below, is deservedly popular with men as well as women. It can be obtained from all wine merchants

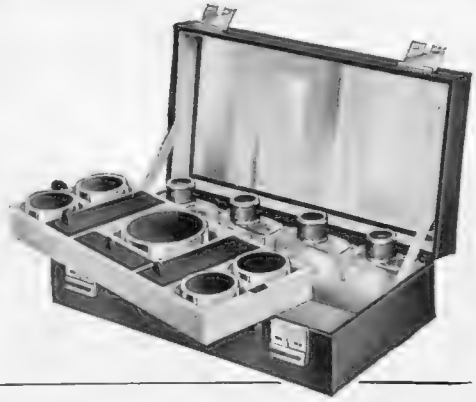
Those who hunt will be interested in the gift suggestions below from George Parker, 12, Upper St. Martin's Lane. The hunting flask in a leather case is 35s., while the hunting whip and canteen are good alternatives

Presents that are easy to post solve many Christmas problems. Kensitas have designed brilliant outer coverings for their 2s. 6d. "Flat Fifty" tins. These are sealed in a transparent material which keeps them fresh under all conditions

Christmas parties will be the better for a liqueur such as Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. Full particulars of the special Grant's Gift Hampers can be obtained from all wine merchants, or direct from Thomas Grant and Sons, Maidstone, Kent

Blue Morocco Beauty Case, lined Blue, fitted with Blue and White line Enamel, 3 bottles, 3 cream jars and powder jar, with lift out tray, two boxes lined washable material, mirror in lid. In Blue, Green, Black and Brown. Size 10¼" x 7½" x 4".
Price **£10.10.0.**
Also made in Lacquer Fittings. Price **£8.8.0.**

Beauty Cases by FINNIGANS



Blue Morocco Beauty Case, lined Blue, fitted with Blue and White line Enamel, 4 bottles, 4 cream jars and powder jar, with lift out tray. Mirror in lid. In Blue, Green, Black and Brown. Size 12½" x 6½" x 3½".
Price **£11.0.0.**
Also made in Lacquer Fittings. Price **£8.8.0.**

We have many other useful and attractive ideas in Beauty Cases from £2.2.0.

Blue Morocco Beauty Case, lined Blue, fitted with Blue and White line Enamel, 3 bottles, 4 cream jars and powder jar, with lift out tray, space beneath lined washable material. Mirror in lid. In Blue, Green, Black and Brown. Size 9" x 6½" x 3½".
Price **£7.10.0.**
Also made in Lacquer Fittings. Price **£5.5.0.**

FINNIGANS

The House of the Present

17-20, New Bond Street, London, W.1

and at 123, Deansgate, Manchester, 3.

'Tector' for Winter!

'Tector' underwear is produced in three different textures—all woven from the finest Botany yarns, each the best of its type, each obtainable in the style you desire.

'Tector' Winter-weight underwear in pure Botany wool, carefully blended to natural shade. Very soft to the skin, but exceptionally durable. Sizes: 32 to 52 inch chest or waist.
Per garment **10/9**

Super 'Tector,' Winter-weight. In superior quality Botany wool with unusually soft and smooth finish. In natural or silver grey shades. Sizes: 32 to 52 inch chest or waist.
Per garment **15/6**

Wool and Silk Winter-weight 'Tector' of delightfully smooth texture, made from specially twisted wool and pure silk. Luxurious—containing approximately 50% silk—but durable. In sky blue or white. Sizes: 32 to 46 inch chest or waist.
Per garment **21/-**

Medium weight: Per garment 18/6

'Tector' Undergarments include Vests (V-neck, pull-on or button styles), Pants (Lastex waist or button styles) and trunks (Lastex waist or button styles). Any garment that shrinks will be replaced.

'Tector' underwear is obtainable only at:

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1 • **D. H. EVANS** & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1

KENDAL MILNE & CO., DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

• "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

The Other Half

Anyone would be delighted with Craven "A" cigarettes in an ordinary flat tin, but when they are contained in the new Rocker Blotter the gift becomes even more attractive. This costs only 4s. 6d. filled with seventy-five cigarettes; the top, which forms the lid, opens easily on hinges

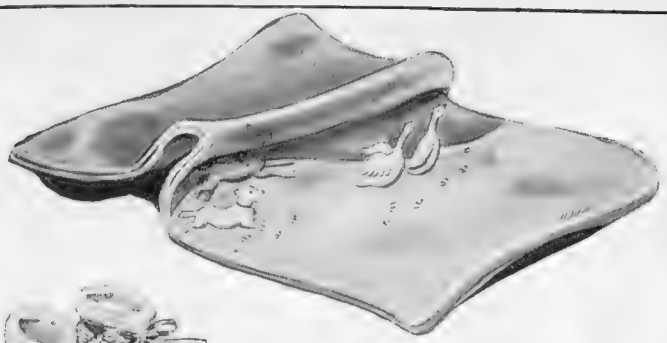
The authentic tang of the North comes with Grant's old Highland Whisky, named after their clan slogan, "Stand Fast." It is obtainable in special gift cases containing one, two, three or six bottles, and makes an ideal present for those who appreciate a really well-blended whisky

Left: a well-balanced liqueur with a "clean" flavour is excellent not only after dinner but as an ingredient in cocktails. Cointreau is ideal for both purposes, and adds an exciting taste to fresh fruit salad

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

Ready-mixed drinks are a great stand-by when unexpected guests arrive, and Gordon's have four- and six-bottle casettes of cocktails to convey your Christmas greetings. Or there are "Trio" boxes, containing three different kinds of gin—dry, orange and lemon

"Good wine, good welcome" is still as true as when Shakespeare wrote it, and never more so than at Christmas. Those who enjoy wine commended by connoisseurs, or want ideas for presents, should write to Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street, for their new list



For Baby's first Christmas — a two-toned fleecy coverlet — very light, very warm — appliqued with dogs and ducks. Sky/camel, beaver/camel, pale green/camel, sky/white, 23/9. A hand-painted toilet set 7/9, or hand-made art. silk or wool bootees in white, pink or sky, 2/11

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

Gifts of Sheer Hose

Packed in Gift Boxes

W. 88. SHEER PURE SILK STOCKINGS for evening wear. Silk throughout. In Nude, New Fawn, Beiges or Browns. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½. Per pair **6/11**
3 *pairs for* **20/-.**

W. 87. MORLEY'S fine PURE SILK STOCKINGS of attractive appearance, quite plain with lisle feet and tops. Excellent for day wear. In Pepper, Briar, Freckle, Auburn, New Fawn, Cairo, Vandyke, Chicory or Crunchy. Size 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½. Per pair **4/11**
3 *pairs for* **14/6.**

W. 85. Fine Gauge PURE SILK STOCKINGS of best manufacture. Delightfully sheer, fully fashioned, with dainty lace clox. Nude, Suntan, Beige or Beaver. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½. Per pair **10/6**
3 *pairs for* **31/-.**

GORRINGES

Frederick Gorringe Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.
Two minutes from Victoria Station. 'Phone : VICtoria 8600.

say Harvey Nichols!

Moon Magic! Over a slim slip dress of shot silver lamé is fastened an ethereal net coat—a coat wide and deeply gathered on the shoulders, neat at the waist, bewilderingly full in the skirt. It looks equally enchanting in powder pink, pink, forgetmenot, blue or white. 9 gns.

Model Gowns
First Floor

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 25 — December 1

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans as Rosalind, Michael Redgrave as Orlando, William Devlin as the Duke; Molly McArthur settings, style Watteau: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Wed., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DO YOU REMEMBER?—Comedy with new young stars chosen by Charlot: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan: Apollo, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING AND MISTRESS SHORE.—Period play of doubtful period; Gyles Isham as Edward IV., Joan Maude as his mistress Shore: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.40 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUTED STRINGS.—Colourful and romantic tale of Beethoven (Keneth Kent), his women and his music: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—Elsie Schauffler's fine biographical play, unbanned, has Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie to lead: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL WAVE.—Revue by Eric Maschwitz, Archie de Bear, Rex Newman, Reg Arkell; Stanley Holloway and Naunton Wayne lead: Duke of York's, 8.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—The second edition of this peppy, colourful revue: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Florence Desmond is the lead in this big mixed entertainment: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Savile, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

REVUDEVILLE No. 85.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town, with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

PICTURES

in this week's issue of the following plays: "Muted Strings," "O Mistress Mine," "French Without Tears," "Hamlet" (New York) and the following films: "Libelled Lady," "A Woman Rebels."

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Robert Harris lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Melodrama adapted from Franck; Constance Cummings in the name-part: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

PANIC.—Financial crisis dealt with in verse, with Franklin Dyall. Also THE DUMB WIFE, with Margaretta Scott and Elliott Seabrooke: Mercury, to-night. 25th.

HELL FOR LEATHER.—Same author and producer as *Dr. Clitterhouse*; about motor-racing, with Bernard Nedell and Olive Blakeney: Phœnix, Thurs., 26th.

TO AND FRO.—Esmé Percy, Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard in this revue: Comedy, Thurs., 26th.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's; with Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey, Gillian Scaife: Westminster, Tues., 1st.

CINEMAS

BULLETS AND BALLOTS (American).—Edward G. Robinson is the star: Regal.

COME AND GET IT (American).—From Edna Ferber's book about passions in the lumber camp: London Pavilion.

DODSWORTH (American).—Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in their clever, amusing film are at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russia-Finnish frontier; story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Extended run of the giant biographical, with Powell, Loy, Rainer: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

HIS LORDSHIP (British).—George Arliss plays him and his brother in the film of *The Nelson Touch*: New Gallery

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LIBELLED LADY (American).—William Powell, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy in a quadrangular affair: Empire.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

REMBRANDT (British).—Laughton as the painter, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence in Korda's colourful if slightly artificial picture of the period: Leicester Square

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Thalberg's big-scale interpretation of Shakespeare; Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer as the lovers: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

THE WHITE ANGEL (American).—The story of Florence Nightingale (Kay Francis) directed by William Dieterle (who made *Louis Pasteur*): Tivoli.

WIVES NEVER KNOW (American).—Four-sided sentimental mix-up, with Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland Adolphe Menjou, Vivienne Osborne: Plaza.

A WOMAN REBELS (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Allan in a sister drama: Carlton

OPERA

BRITISH MUSIC DRAMA OPERA COMPANY, directed by Albert Coates, produced by Vladimir Rosing, Covent Garden:

PICKWICK.—To-night, 25th.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Thurs., 26th.

BORIS GODOUNOV.—Fri., 27th.

PICKWICK.—Sat., 28th, 2.30.

PAGLIACCI and THE FAIR AT SOROTCHINSK.—Sat., 28th, 8.

PICKWICK.—Mon., 30th.

PAGLIACCI and THE FAIR AT SOROTCHINSK.—Tues., 1st.

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST (with Ballet).—To-night, 25th, 8.

CARMEN.—Thurs., 26th, 8.

LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 28th, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 28th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LES RENDEZVOUS, HAUNTED BALLROOM, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Fri., 27th, 8.30.

BARABAU, LAC DES CYGNES, ACT 2, NOCTURNE.—Tues., 1st, 8.30.

(Continued on page 0)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

What's On

(Continued from page N)

MUSIC

Recitals

BEATRICE HARRISON.—Only recital this season: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 25th, 8.30.

TEMIANKA.—And the Temianka Chamber Orchestra, in a Mozart programme: Æolian Hall, Sat., 28th, 3.

VIVIAN LANGRISH AND THE GRILLER QUARTET.—Quintets by Bax and Elgar: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 30th, 8.30.

JARMILA NOVOTNA AND WILLIAM PRIMROSE: Queen's Hall, Mon., 30th, 8.30.

EGON PETRI AND THE HIRSCH QUARTET: Æolian Hall, Tues., 1st, 8.30.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—And Women's Chorus; Leslie Heward conducts, Egon Petri is the soloist; Berlioz, Beethoven (Piano Concerto in G), Debussy, Sibelius: Queen's Hall, to-night, 25th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Georg Széll conducts, Moseiwitsch is the soloist; Beethoven programme ("Coriolan" Overture, Emperor Concerto, Eroica Symphony): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 26th, 8.15.

ELIJAH.—The Royal Choral Society in Mendelssohn's oratorio, with Stiles Allen, Mary Jarred, Henry Wendon, Horace Stevens; Boult conducts: Albert Hall, Sat., 28th, 2.30.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts, David McCallum is the soloist; Handel, Elgar (Violin Concerto in B minor), Mozart, Wagner: Covent Garden, Sunday, 29th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Poushinov is the soloist: Sunday, 29th, 3.30.

EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

APPLIED ARTS AND HANDCRAFTS.—Exhibition to be opened by Lady Playfair at Royal Horticultural Hall: Mon., 30th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.—Sat., 28th.

DANCING AND DINING

COQ D'OR.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floor-show is called *Folies d'Apache*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RENDEZVOUS.—Here 's a Soho suggestion; the food is good, and they give you plenty of it. Open on Sundays too.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesdays.

SAN MARCO.—Una Carlisle plays the piano so well; Maurice Winnick's band: extension Wednesday.

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543

Specialities

Coat

or

Costume

(Any Style)

6 gns.

Largest selection of all the latest materials.

Every garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. SMEE.

Special Mail Dept.

If unable to call send for an S.M. Form with patterns, and have satisfaction as others, from all parts of the world.

Astride Coat & Breeches 9 gns.

ONLY ADDRESS:

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

First Floor

THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,

32-34, St. Bride St., LONDON, E.C.4

Telephone: Central 1010.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Revised from January 1, 1935).

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF

The Bystander,

ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET,

LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER

weekly for.....*months*

commencing with the issue of

.....

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 1936

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

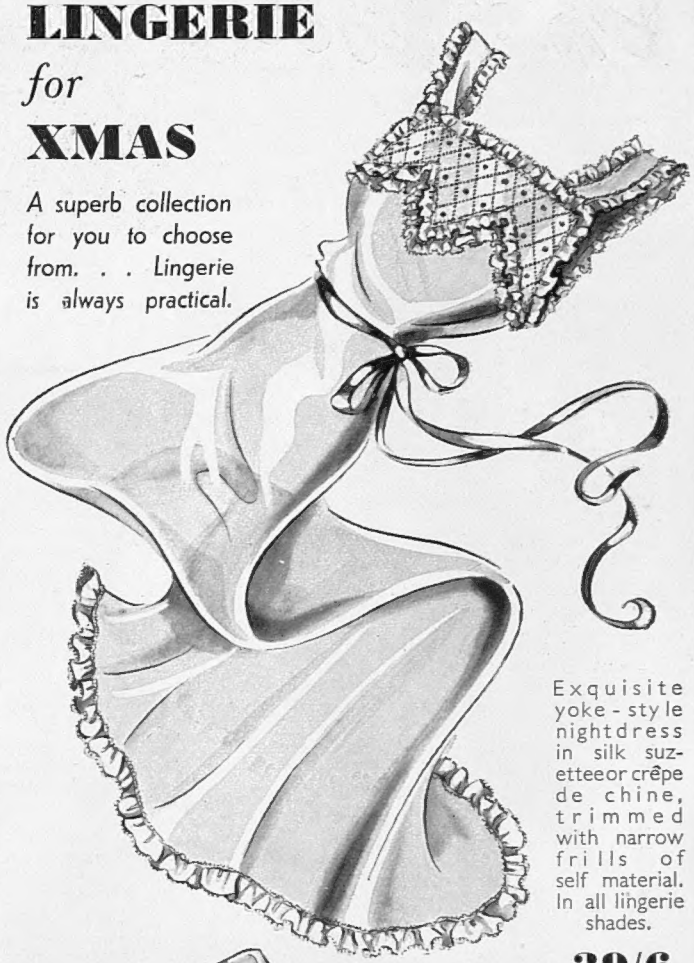
Debenhams

LINGERIE

for

XMAS

A superb collection for you to choose from. . . Lingerie is always practical.



Exquisite yoke-style nightdress in silk suzetteeor crêpe de chine, trimmed with narrow frills of self material. In all lingerie shades.

39/6

Two-piece tailored pyjama in pure silk crêpe de chine, patterned with small floral design on peach, pink or ivory ground.

29/6

Lingerie Department Second Floor

Debenham & Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd)

Wigmore Street, London, W.1

FOR THE Present-Minded

VELVET SUEDE SLIPPERS, lined with Lamb's-wool. Perfectly shaped, with turned and sewn leather soles and heels. In red, blue or brown. Pair **16/9**

UMBRELLAS with fine Malacca nangles. Silk covers of fine quality glace silk on Fox frames. **45/-**

WALKING STICKS of fine Malacca with horn ferrules. Silver bands can be added at 5/- each extra, and bands of 9 ct. gold at 25/- each extra. **18/6**

CASHMERE PULLOVERS. Sports length, with sleeves; V or crew-neck; warm but light in weight. In grey, navy, saxe, natural, hunting yellow, mist blue, cigar brown, nigger, green lovat or wine. **35/-**

SCARF to match, 18/6.

GRAIN GOATSKIN GLOVES in new Pine shade with fur lining to match. Hand-sewn; pull-on style. Pair **18/6**

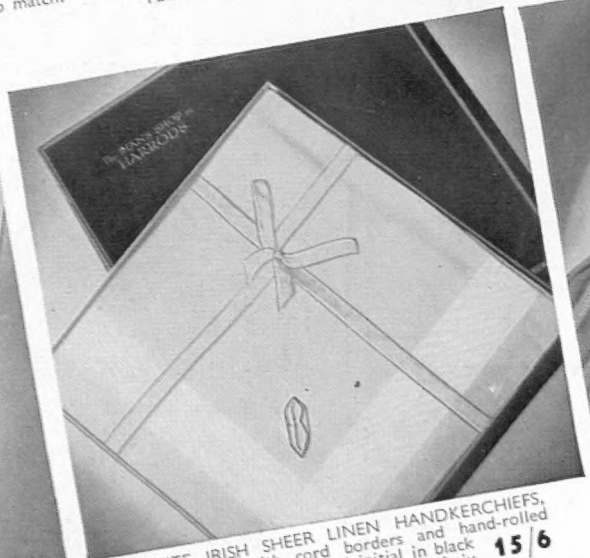
SPORTS SOCKS for Tweeds or Flannels. Sturdy Scotch knit, smart new patterns. In fawns, blues, lovats, greys and browns. Pair **6/6** and **8/6**

PYJAMA CASES of soft leather. In dark blue, green and biscuit. **15/6**

HANDKERCHIEF CASES to match **8/6**

COLLAR BOXES in Chrome leather; blue, brown, black, red. **10/6**

EVENING SCARVES in heavy, luxurious ivory crêpe de chine. Tubular, with white or black and white fringed ends. Embroidered by hand with cut-out mono-gram, up to three letters. Including monogram **35/6**



WHITE IRISH SHEER LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, fine quality, with cord borders and hand-rolled edges. Hand-embroidered initial in black and white. Box of six **15/6**

DRESSING GOWNS of pure heavy silk with plain facings. In exclusive designs and colours of chestnut brown, bottle green, navy or claret red. **84/-**

GIFTS FROM THE MAN'S SHOP AT

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

As beautiful as Old Silver —but it will never Tarnish!

The "BODIAM" Model
Folding Cake-stand with Pottery Plates
3 Tier - 15/-
2 Tier - 10/6
Obtainable at Leading Stores

THE NEW AND BETTER CAKESTAND!
One that doesn't take up all your cupboard space when not in use. It folds flat—just like a book—to lie in a drawer. It is made from the wonderful new steel, 'STAYBRITE,' beautiful as old silver—but without its need for constant cleaning.

Write for list of over 100 articles to
J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.,
10-15, OLD HALL, BLOXWICH, STAFFS.

Olde Hall
SOLID STAYBRITE TABLEWARE

"Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has the secret of exquisiteness. With it, you reach perfection in home entertaining."
Little Lady Liqueur

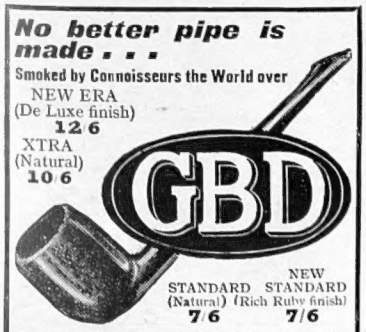
Share my Secret

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy—

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY
QUEEN'S SWEET - SPORTSMAN'S DRY

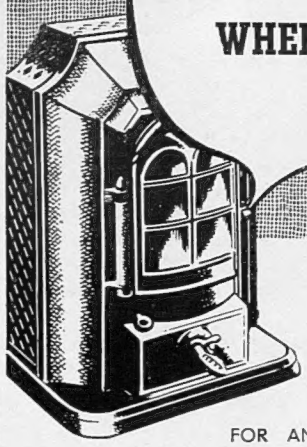
Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

No better pipe is made . . .
Smoked by Connoisseurs the World over



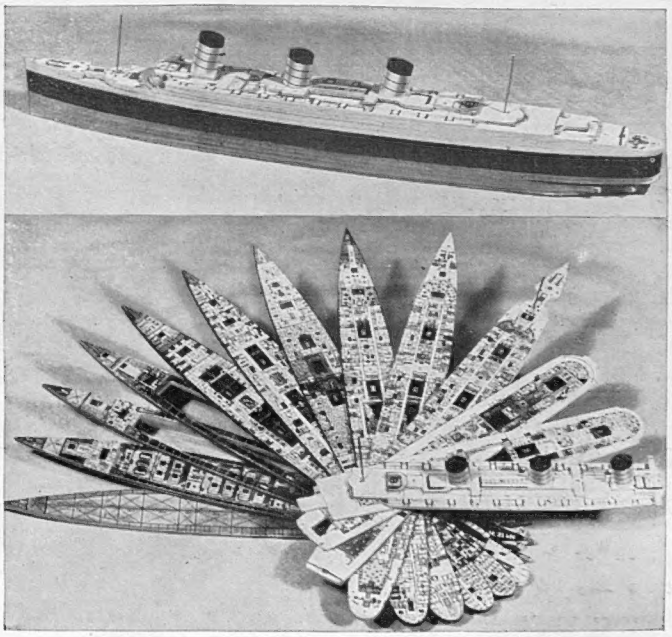
NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) 12 6
XTRA (Natural) 10 6
STANDARD (Natural) 7/6
NEW STANDARD (Rich Ruby finish) 7/6
London Made
Write for Booklet of Shapes to Dept. B.
OPPENHEIMER PIPES, LTD., 38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

NURSE SAYS I'M
THE SAFEST WAY
OF HEATING ROOMS
WHERE CHILDREN PLAY



ESSE
PATENT STOVES
FOR ANTHRACITE AND OTHER SMOKELESS FUEL
Write for illustrated catalogue from Dept. B.S.6.
SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Makers of ESSE Heating Stoves and Cookers • Est. 1854.
Also at 11, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4; 63, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1; and LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF
R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"
Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6. Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to :—
THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
(Dept. 3), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

GAMES *for* XMAS
Selected as the most suitable by
THE CHAD VALLEY CO., LTD.

• PAR-GOLF
A skilful, fascinating and exciting game of golf.
THE IDEAL INDOOR WINTER GAME

• SHUTTER-BOARD
Provides a real gamble for a party of any size. Complete with Chips.
7/6 and 21/-

• MARK-OVER!
The nearest approach to actual shooting in your own home. Complete with HARMLESS repeater.

The Big Stores, High-class Stationers, etc., sell them or in case of difficulty write :—
CHAD VALLEY WORKS, HARBORNE, BIRMINGHAM

ASTHMA
Relief is what matters
For sixty-five years Himrod's has given the greatest relief to sufferers of bronchial asthma.
IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
Insist on the genuine
HIMROD'S CURE

IT'S READY NOW

THE BYSTANDER

Christmas Number

One Merry-go-Round of Jollity

STORIES and ARTICLES by:

PETER FLEMING, NOEL LANGLEY, GEOFFREY MOSS, WALTER BROOKS, ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, S. P. B. MAIS, MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT, A. G. MACDONELL, MARGERY SHARP and CLAUDIA PARSONS

ILLUSTRATED by:

NICOLAS BENTLEY, ERIC FRASER, MERVYN WILSON, LEDOUX, RELF, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., MOLLY BISHOP, ERNEST RATCLIFFE, HENDY, TONY WEARE and CLARK FAY

COLOURED DRAWINGS by:

ROJAN, BOTTERILL, MAYS, SCOTT LANGLEY, RELF, GOODALL, LOWEN

and a Double page reproduction of DAME LAURA KNIGHT'S big Circus picture in this year's Royal Academy:

"THE SHOW IS ON"

OTHER DRAWINGS by:

FRANK FORD, HAILSTONE, FOUET, PRO. PATRICK BELLEW, BOTTERILL, and J. S. GOODALL

ORDER EARLY FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT